VOL. CXXVII.
No. 1660

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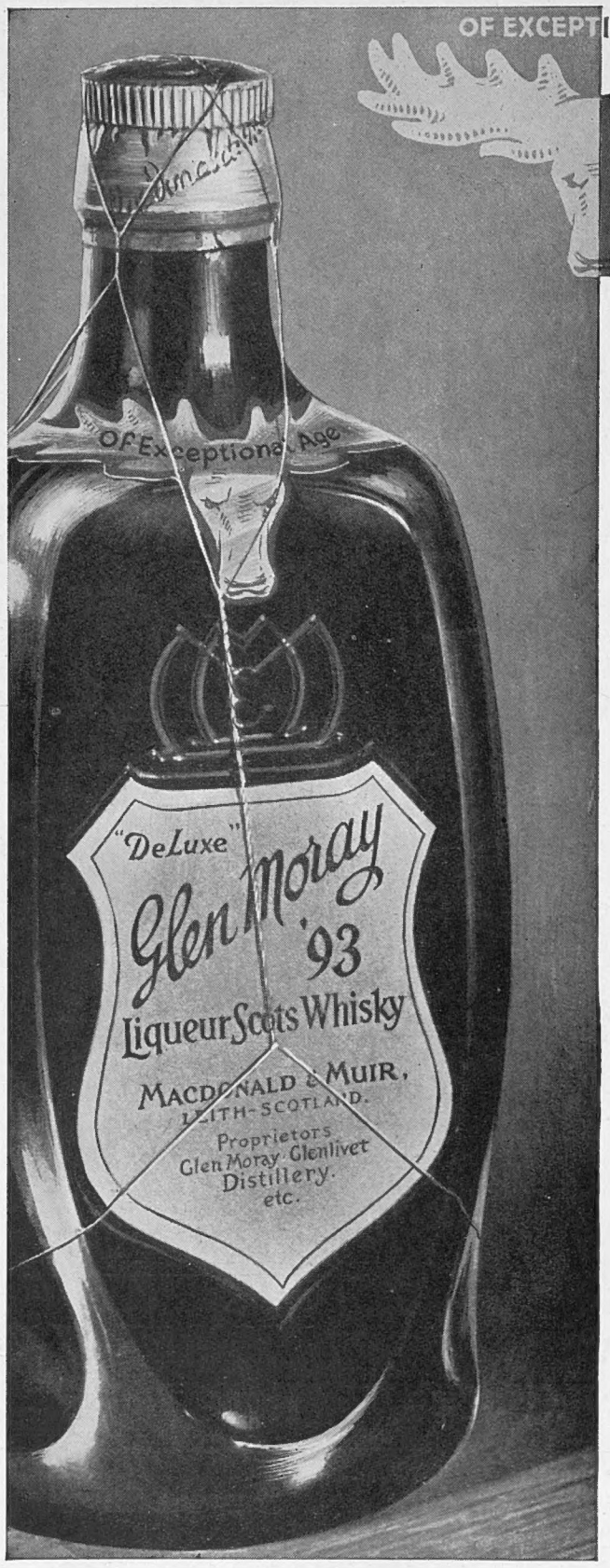

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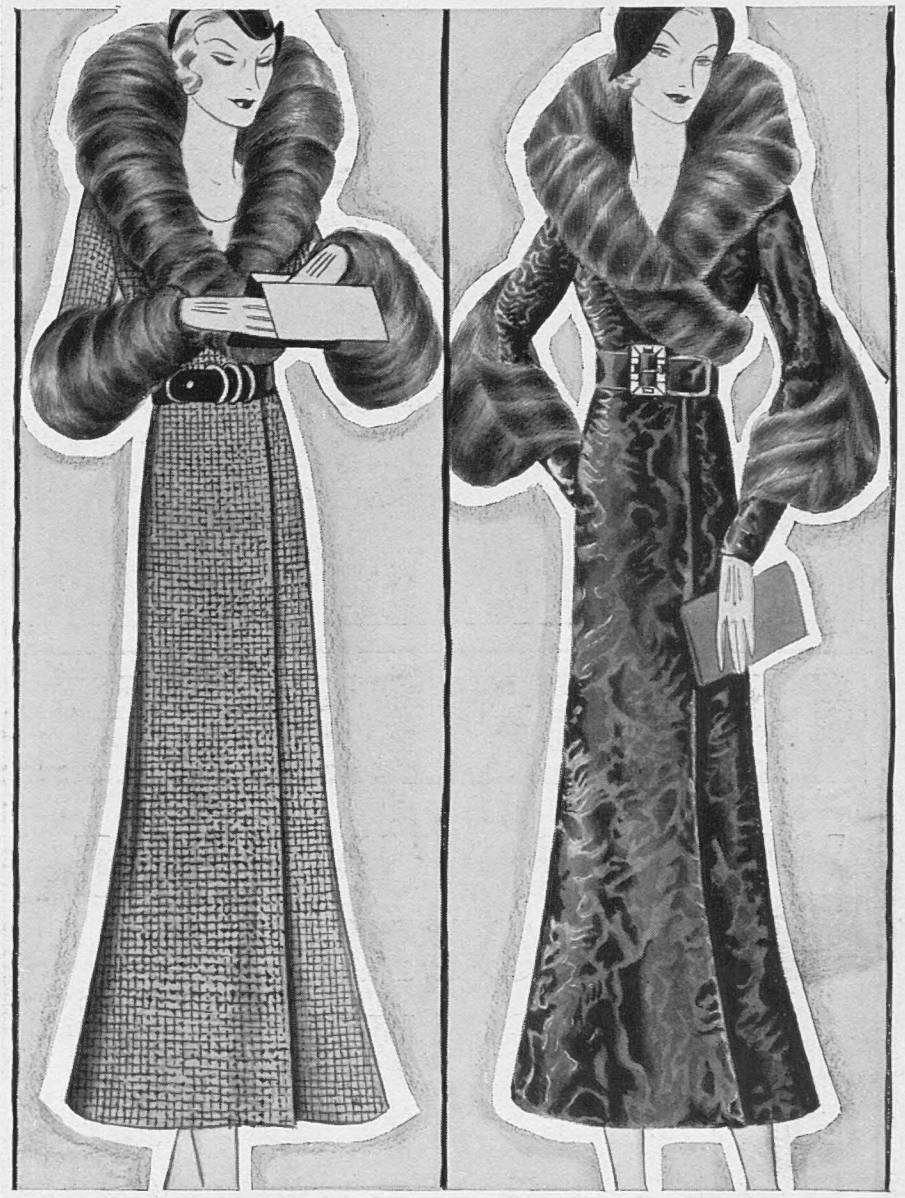

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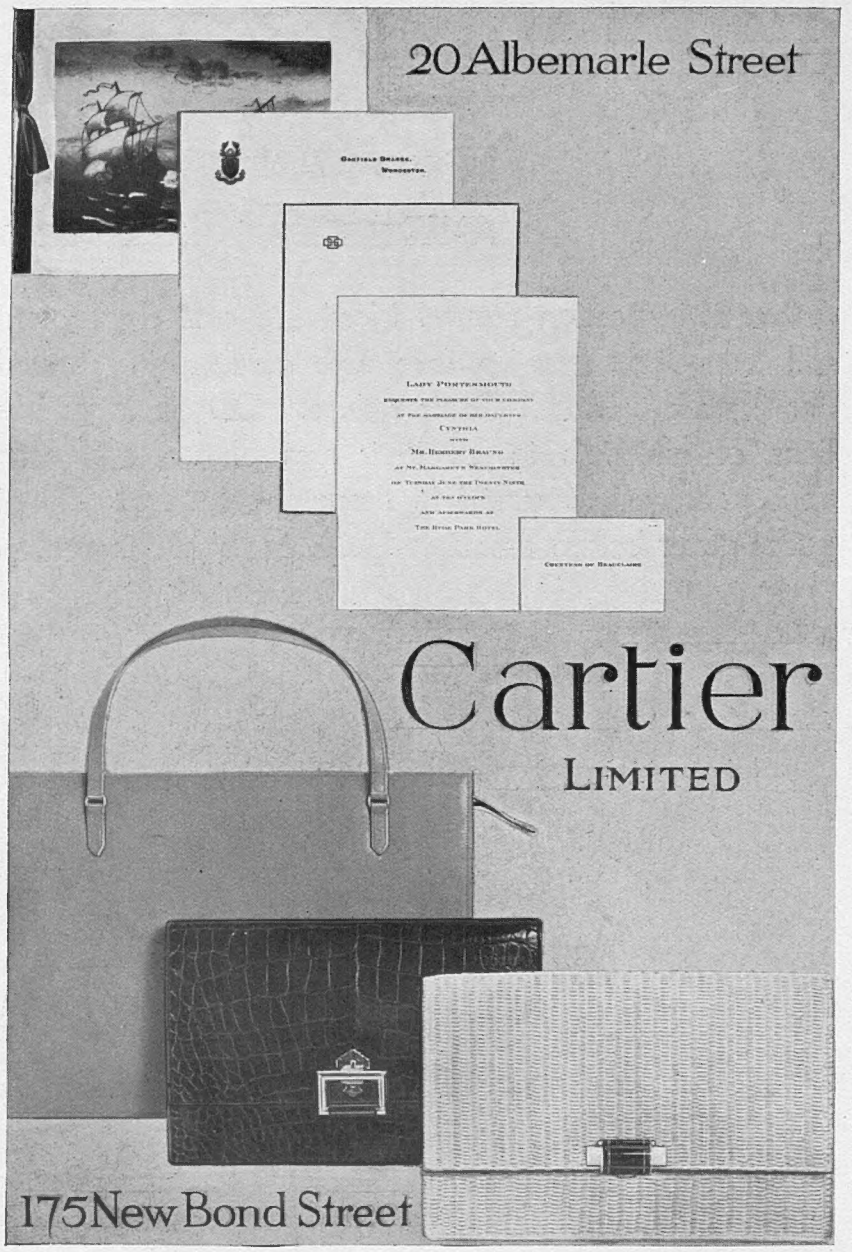

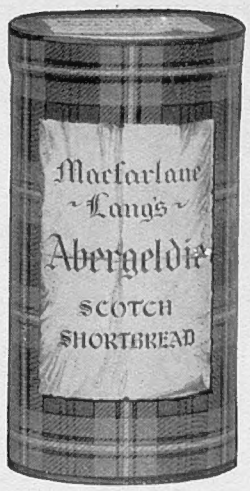

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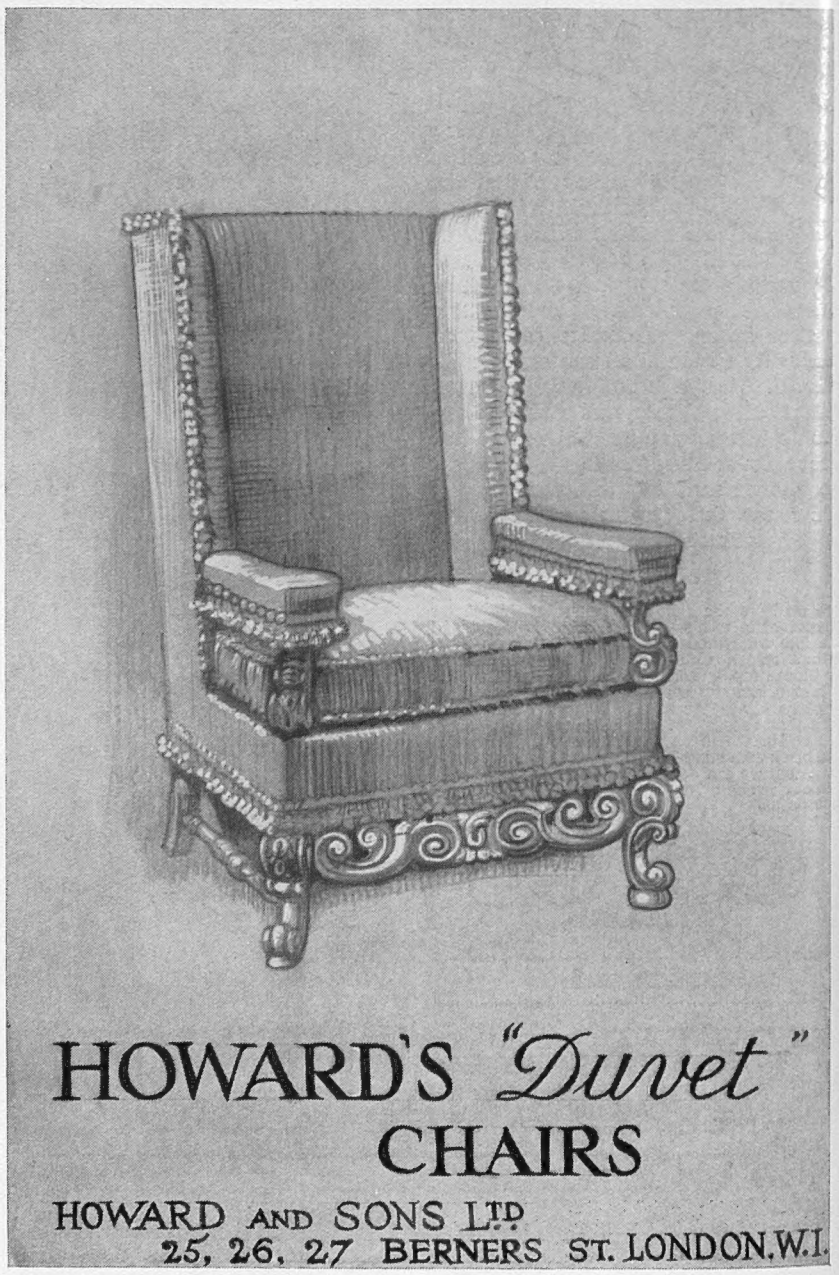

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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, November 14, 1931

The flying world was very interested by the arrival last week at Hanworth Aerodrome of an extraordinary-looking flying machine which demonstrated its unusual flying capacities before a distinguished audience. It is known as the Focke-Wulf "Ente." Its most outstanding novelty lies in the fact that it apparently flies backwards in the air. A triangular-shaped wing is fixed to the forward snout of the fuselage and to this wing are attached two very strongly-made "slotted wing" devices. This idea of putting a wind-catching surface in the forward part of the machine is really a reversion to a very early practice. The rear portion of the fuselage is built up so as to give a high rudder and the two Bristol engines are placed under the main wing. A startling claim is made for the "Ente" that she cannot "stall," neither can she spin

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Volume CXXVII
No. 1660

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A London Ne

EROS RETURNS TO PICCADILLY CIRCUS: Gilbert's famous statue, round which the flower "girls" used to sit; the graceful fountain that marked the Hub o' the Universe; the slender deity that was enshrined in the hearts of millions, has been London's most notable absentee for several years—ever since, in fact, the tube station reconstruction was inaugurated in February of 1925. To-day (Saturday) was the day designated for it to return once more to its ancient site—at once a mascot heralding better times and a corrective in its exquisite and traditional proportions, perspective attraction and idealism to the more recent accretions to metropolitan statuary, but a few days' delay has been announced. The peregrinations of the figure form something of an Odyssey, for at one period it rested on the Embankment, at one time in the County Hall, but subsequently was housed in a repository at Thames Ditton. Its creator, Mr. Alfred Gilbert R.A., expressed the wish that Eros should be restored to its original place; and now this is to be fulfilled. The pedestal is, however, to be slightly more lofty than heretofore, and will occupy a more central position in the Circus; cascades of water from the fountains in the pedestal will play around the statue. This view shows a ghostly Eros lightly resting with ineffable grace over London's most brilliant centre

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, November 11, 1931.

COUNTRY NOTES.

—Let us for a change give politics second place. Country folk are settling down to winter conditions after an October which cannot be paralleled for its dryness and sunshine in forty years. One came back from Scotland to eat raspberries again in late September. One picked bowlfuls of sweet peas at the end of October and heard without surprise that the Parisians were eating strawberries on the boulevards. And in November positively you had the choice of attending the opening meet of the Oakley or of sitting sweltering in a deck chair on your lawn watching the swallows darting among the eaves. Even the cuckoo was deceived, and the lupins look like flowering on Christmas day.

But the first gale of November opened the eyes of blind fences and made the coverts shootable, and hounds have been through the village. I said a word or two the other day about the chances of survival for covert shooting on the grand scale. There are far graver doubts about the survival of hunting on the high standard of the Shires. For of late years the standard of living at Harborough, Melton, and Oakham has never ceased to rise—it's the pace that kills. But there is a difference between shooting and hunting in hard times. If rearing on a large scale must cease till trade revives and taxation falls, the small rough shoot will suffer. But if the Quorn and the Cottesmore frighten their patrons away, up shoot the stars of the Bicester, the Blackmore Vale, or the South and West Wilts. For a hunting-man must hunt while there is a hound left in the kennels and a fox left in the gorse patch. And (incidentally) when sometimes the thrusters from the Shires deign to show themselves and their blood horses one Spring morning in the Blackmore Vale, it doesn't always follow that they are found at the top of the hunt, spurning the thick-set fences. There's any quantity of reasonably cheap and good hunting left all over England. It's dining out four nights a week and playing poker at £5 rises, quite as much as an ever-soaring poultry fund, that is making hunting in the Shires so impossible, and Masters so hard to find even on Long Island.

Over humbler spheres of country life winter's shadow falls, too. The Christmas show is in active rehearsal. The Women's Institute is down to the winter programme. I believe those devoted women all over England who drive that great movement along are far from satisfied with the backing they are now getting from those whose lives they seek to brighten. Incredible as it may seem, village life is now *too* busy, too distracting, too varied. The shows, the cinema, the whist drives, the socials, the Co-op bunfights are crowding out the recreation-cum-uplift of the W.I. Ye gods, what a social transformation from 1901! And here is a final portent from lovely Auburn. The Big Five Banks have their branches in the country towns and, housed often in tin-shacks, their one-man sub-branches in the villages. The fiat has gone forth that the sub-branches in two contiguous villages must henceforth open only three days a week—to the great annoyance of half their clients. Why this fiat? Economy? Not a bit. *Gunmen*, if you please; bank-robbers! No longer must a one-man sub-branch open its doors. The village sub-branch managers must double up, opening three days in Auburn Abbas and three in Auburn Episcopi, with one man to shovel silver and one to act sentinel.

. . .

I have just seen the first returns from the county scheme for opening private gardens in aid of nursing. Despite the deplorable summer Surrey has maintained the £600 level, clear proof of the popularity of this glorious, class-barrier-breaking idea.

WESTMINSTER CHIMES.

—Parliament has assembled with so much as remains of the pomp of yesterday, and has been encouraged to begin its labours in a Speech from the Throne even more than usually non-committal. The pot has been set on the fire, and bubble, bubble, toil and trouble are to be expected almost immediately. At home, financial and industrial rehabilitation must somehow be proceeded with concurrently with practical measures of sane Socialism. Slum clearance and house building for example have got to go on all the time, for this is a social service which no degree of stringency must check. Economy also is just as vital now as it was in August. Economy to reduce taxation is still a condition precedent to the Doctor's Mandate. Restoration, reformation, and economy at home. And abroad? Our international policy must be to confirm reviving confidence in British stability, to lose no opportunity to press for disarmament, for review of reparations, for a wider than a strictly national view in world politics. And these delicate matters must be pressed on with a far stronger hand in the velvet glove. Britain's lost faith in herself was found again as a result of the General Election. Once more we enter world politics as one of the big three. And in the Empire? We have regained also a lost belief in our genius to administer. We can afford to raise our voice a little. A gentle hint that we mean to do so was given by Mr. Thomas in his message to the Governor of Cyprus. It had a mild Jingo flavour, quite surprisingly unfamiliar to our ears. Here we are then with the old slogans, everlastingly new. At home, Retrenchment and Reform. In Europe, Peace with Honour. In the Empire, Unity and Strength, and Speed the Plough.

The new Cabinet has been received with relief on the whole. A Cabinet of twenty is still too large ideally, but we must remember that to-day the world conducts its affairs by Commissions and sub-committees sitting concurrently in dozens. Mr. MacDonald has compromised, and his Cabinet, for a post-War Cabinet, is small. And he has recognized that the National Goverment has plain sailing in the House of Lords. There are few appointments calling for comment. That great lawyer and chairman of Commissions, Sir John Simon, should shed much pacific oil on the troubled waters of international affairs at the F.O. Mr. Runciman has a more practical experience than Sir P. Cunliffe-Lister of Trade matters. Mr. Ormsby Gore deserves a place in the Cabinet. Young as he is, he is a veteran in politics and, though he has specialized in the Colonial Office, he brings to the Office of Works a mature experience and a rare taste in art. Lord Londonderry takes over from Lord Amulree the difficult job of finding new words with which to congratulate record-breaking air-flappers. There are no surprises and, thanks to the available wealth of experience, no one who is overlooked, can justly complain. Mr. David Margesson achieves by very swift promotion the post of Chief Whip. Sir Austen and Lord Reading have with grace and dignity bowed to the demands of a political age which asks more than septuagenarians can give. Sir Austen and Mr. George are twins rising sixty-nine, Lord Reading is seventy-one. The average age of the new Cabinet is fifty-seven.

LL.G. — A FORECAST.—

When Mr. George decided to find a pleasant "week end cottage" near London, he was instantly attracted by the choice locality that lies under the Devil's Jumps. There was something dashing about the very name to one who is himself no mean acrobat. And now, "shrunk to this little measure," it is not to be supposed that the convalescent of Bron-y-de will resist the temptation at the New Year "mieux sauter." The great demogogue, the father of the House, has tasted so long publicity and power, direct or oblique, that these sweets have become meat and drink to him. For him there is no philosophic old age, no chimney corner with rising young politicians on footstools beside his chair. He will be sixty-nine in January and seventy-four by the time the present Government's term of office comes to a normal end. And at this very moment his tape machine and wireless are rattling off the names of those who are to hold the chief offices of State for half a decade. He sees the Opposition bench, from which some of his best fireworks have been discharged, looking, in occupation by an old man and a boy, more dreary and deserted than an esplanade on a wet summer afternoon. In that empty arena there would be freedom of movement for the most elastic of living parliamentary acrobats. There are a score of opportunities in Opposition which only his experience and prestige could make something of. The Labour Party is disintegrated, its policy is in the melting pot. There is none to jump his claim, and once installed, a large queue at the pit entrance to enjoy his performances and admit his uses. And one agile leap from the mountain of Free Trade to the mole-hill of safeguarding—and he would be as advanced a Liberal, as modern a Socialist, as any in the land.

GUINEA-PIGS.

—If the Kylsant trial achieves one reform — which it won't, for the City is nothing if not conservative and acquisitive—good may come for the many from the agonies of one. I do not touch on the "merits" of the case. The case is judged. I refer to a side issue. There is something outrageous and monstrous in the custom by which directorships are collected on the snowball system by a dozen or so leading financiers of the day. I can think of three or four men who followed the trial with special preoccupation who are to-day directors or chairmen of perhaps forty companies. Any one of these would be a worthy life's job for a young and keen and able man who would give to the affairs of his company the best of his brains and energy. But such men are crowded out by the big bugs who must grab everything going and in the nature of things possess the sketchiest knowledge of the details and needs of half the concerns they direct. I should like to see a law passed by which no man might direct more than six companies.

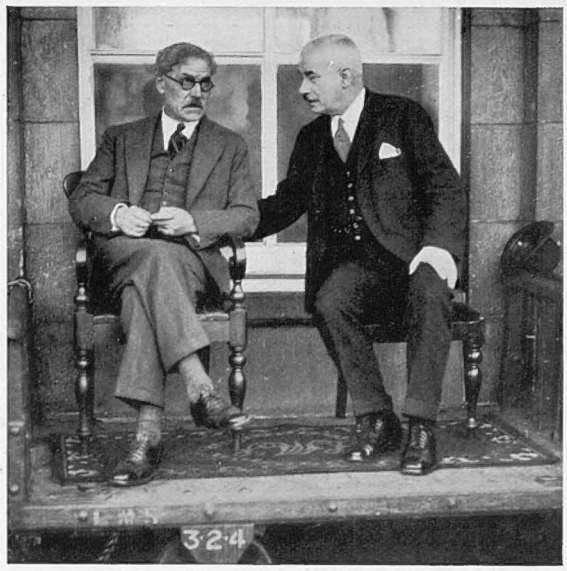
wsletter

LONDONERS' OWN. — Within a period of seven days in November fall the three ceremonies most dear to the London crowds — Guy Fawkes Day, the Lord Mayor's Show, and the Great Silence. Guy Fawkes Day is not what it was in my youth. The sound of bigger explosions robbed the nursemaids of their terror of crackers, and Guido Fawkes himself was forgotten even by the Jacobeans. The stuffed dummy in the Victorian Age was usually some topical political bogey—Cardinal Wiseman or Oom Paul or what not. It is the commercial aspect of Guy Fawkes Day that most appeals to the street urchin to-day. The Lord Mayor's Show was old and hoary in the year 1400; old and ever new to the robust Tudor crowds, to the Restoration citizens of London, King Charles' loyalist supporters; even the Georgians did not despise it, and the mid-Victorians demanded a big splash. It cost the Lord Mayor over £3,000 in 1865. To-day, like every other institution, the Lord Mayor's Show must specialize. A revel for the sake of revelry is not enough, and a Hollywood holiday is very much to the taste of a film-fan Strand. All our scientific and once marvellous yesterdays passed in the rain before our eyes. Not a child in the street but knows all the tricks of the trades. But still, as in the good old days of my Victorian youth, the wagons sway and jolt and jerk to a standstill, and the lovely ladies seem conscious of their red arms and blue noses, and do what they can during halts to repair the damage with modern weapons. And the crowds gape soberly. For the marvels of science have achieved much, but have not given us back the lightheartedness of the Elizabethans. As for the Great Silence, it has stood the test of thirteen years of disillusion and discontent in a cynical age as I, for one, never dreamed it would. Still the pious memory of a lost generation—from whom so much splendid rebuilding of a shattered world would confidently have been expected — is honoured and recalled with undiminished reverence. In grave mood or gay, London is conservative, London does not forget.

BY-WAYS IN ART AND LITERATURE.—The beaten track in art and literature and the drama is patrolled by experts for SPHERE readers. Once in a way I enjoy a little disquisition on the by-ways. If you need to be taken out of yourself and have a craving for the brightest colours which imagination alone can give to life, don't fail next week to find your way to the little Arlington Gallery at 22, Old Bond Street, where Mr. Vincent Vickers is holding an exhibition of his imaginative drawings. Mr. Vickers is very much an amateur; he is, I believe, self-taught, and his perspective is therefore God-sent. His painting is for him a joyous holiday from such weighty matters as the Gold Standard. Imagine a cross between Syme and Lewis Carroll endowed with a sixteenth century Persian's gifts of humour, design, and colour, all rioting in fantastic beasts, carmine seas, cloud-capped towers, hot ice, and wondrous strange snow. Vehicle: Indian inks; recipe: infinite patience and fantastic imagination. A little, unadvertised show which will brighten life for you. Does Rabelais shock you? Rather late in the day a generous friend sent me a copy of Charles Sale's *The Specialist*, which Putnam, greatly daring, published last year. This immortal work of less than thirty pages is a book to buy. It is a Rabelaisian *Diary of a Nobody*, the testimony of a humble sanitary engineer who devoted his life to the manufacture of a primitive but very necessary domestic commodity. Read it and laugh till you cry. Here are two tips—two naps. And in due course I shall expect some SPHERE reader—with a rare gesture of gratitude—to write and thank me for them.

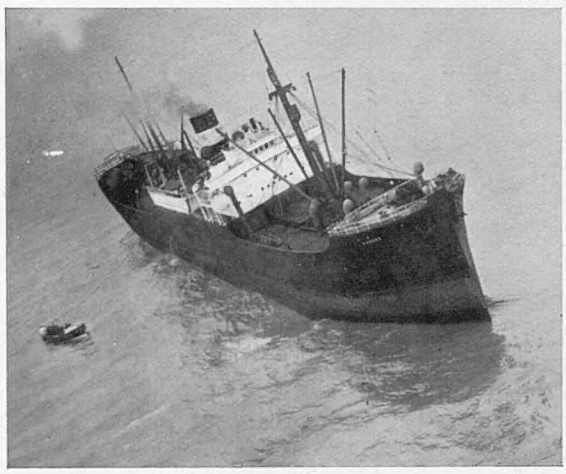
Of all our once popular, lately despised, and now reviving, late Victorian musical comedies, that which most deserves rescue from oblivion is *The Duchess of Dantzic*. I am enchanted to hear that it is to be revived again after pantomime time, with Miss Ward in the title-rôle created by Evie Greene. It is, I suppose, a quarter century since I saw it, but still I remember the lyrics, still I can hum the airs of that tuneful light opera. It was indeed the only musical comedy I can recall wherein one followed the story with interest and felt a sense of romance as one does in *The Yeoman of the Guard*.

THE OLD STAGER



A HIGHLAND WELCOME FOR THE PREMIER: Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and his daughter, Ishbel, received a tumultuous welcome at Elgin and Lossiemouth last week-end when they rushed up for a few days' respite between the Election and the Opening of Parliament. The Premier is seen here talking to Lord Provost Whittit on a hastily improvised "platform" on a barrow

THE PRINCE VISITS LIVERPOOL: H.R.H. is here seen inspecting the cottage occupied by Captain and Mrs. Oliver in the grounds of the Mariners' Home. The Prime Minister abandoned his favourite method of transport—flying—when going north, but the Prince travelled by 'plane. At the Master Mariners' dinner the Prince issued a clarion call to the depressed shipping industry



SAVED BY THE JETTISON OF HER CARGO: The U.S. merchantman, *Hybert*, was caught last week-end on the Goodwin Sands. Aided by a fleet of tugs from as far as Hamburg and the dumping into the sea of tons of her cargo, she was floated early Monday morning after grounding on Friday in the forenoon. The Walmer lifeboat stood by during the whole heart-breaking vigil

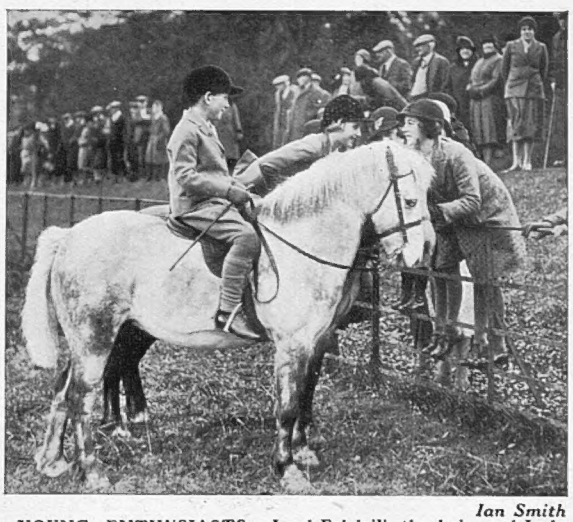
GAS-MASKED FIGHTERS OF FLAMES: A squad of six firemen wearing respiratory apparatus outside a smoke-filled works at Birmingham last week-end. This adaptation of war methods to pacific pursuits enabled the men to locate the seat of the trouble and counter the spread of the fire. Gas-masks are also worn nowadays in coal mines among other peace-time activities

THE CHIMNEY-SWEEP MAYOR OF BETHNAL GREEN: Councillor T. Brooks, a working chimney sweep, was elected Mayor of Bethnal Green, E., but despite his new dignity he is not abandoning his calling. Mr. and Mrs. Brooks are seen above delighted, but not over-awed in any degree by their exalted office. A contemporary commented that Mr. Brooks was "well-sooted to the post"!

SUN-BATHING FANS AT PURLEY: Despite the fact that sun-bathers find the Riviera too chilly for their Apollonian cult, certain hardy members of the Norbury Sun-Bathing Society are undeterred by the advent of winter and hold meetings in the Purley Hills, whose woods are now stripped of their foliage. In such circumstances, hot tea is more than a luxury—it is an enjoyable necessity!

Ian Smith

THE SCOTTISH HUNTING SEASON OPENS: A group at the inaugural meet at Hopetoun of the Linlithgow and Stirlingshire. *From left to right:* Mr. George Usher, M.F.H., Lady Anne Hope, Lady Doreen Hope, Miss Barbara York, and Lady Joan Hope. The Ladies Anne, Doreen, and Joan are the daughters of Lord and Lady Linlithgow



Ian Smith

YOUNG ENTHUSIASTS: Lord Eskdaill, the heir, and Lady Elizabeth Scott, the daughter of the Earl of Dalkeith with Lady Willa and Lady Bridget Elliot, the daughters of the Earl and Countess of Minto at the opening meet of the Buccleuch Hunt, which took place at Dildon Hall, the residence of the Earl of Dalkeith, the M.F.H.

HOUNDS and HUNTERS

Many Hunts in the First Flush of the Season

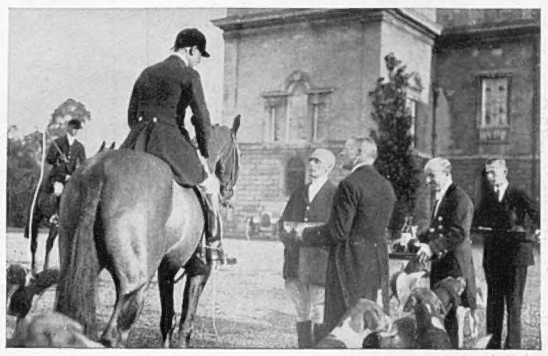
A HUNTING BABE IN THE WOOD: A section of the field, including one very youthful follower, galloping through Blue Bird Wood after finding at the first covert—an incident during the opening meet of the season of the Fitzwilliam. This was held at Milton Park, Peterborough, the seat of Mr. George Fitzwilliam, Joint Master

THE STIRRUP CUP: Miss de Trafford accepts from the butler a glass of hunting port at the opening meet of Fernie's, held at Gumley Hall, Market Harborough, before setting out on the chase. On the left is Miss Georgeina Wernher, one of the most enthusiastic of youthful followers

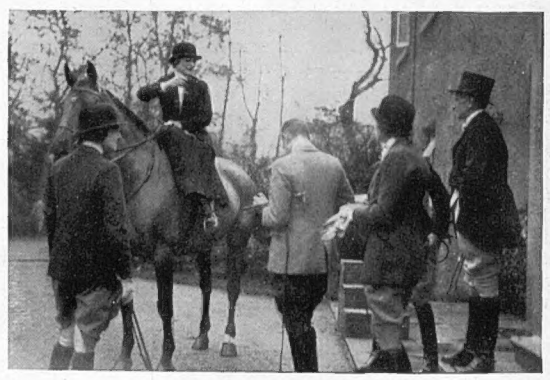
AUTUMNAL AVENUE: A lovely hunting scene recorded by the camera. The view shows the Fitzwilliam drawing Blue Bird Wood, near Peterborough, on the occasion of the opening meet held at Milton Park, the residence of the Joint Master, who gives his name to the hunt. The trees, bared by the November gales, have an exquisitely chaste beauty

THE CUP THAT CHEERS: A moment during the opening meet of the Grafton, at Wakefield Lodge, the residence, near Towcester, of Lord Hillingdon, the new Master, elected in succession to Major Williams and Mr. Guinness. The first whip, P. Catton, is seen preparing for a long run! The Grafton, which has fifty couple, has all hounds' ears tattooed with a G. Port and cherry brandy, of course, are the great drinks on such occasions

HUNT BREAKFAST: One of the few hunting functions that even non-starters can enjoy! This picture was taken when a meet of the V.W.H. (Cricklade) was held at North Down, Ampney, Wilts. The old Vale of the White Horse Hunt was established a century ago but the country was divided in 1885-'86, and there are now two branches which are quite separate—V.W.H. (Cirencester) and V.W.H. (Cricklade). The latter, which has fifty-six couple, has for its Master and Huntsman Captain M. J. Kingscote



INSTRUCTION: Admiral R. K. Lambert, Hon. Secretary of the Blankney, chats to J. Welch, the huntsman, during the meet at Blankney Park, Lincs. The forty-and-half couple of hounds are tattooed B in one ear



A HUNTING HEALTH: The Hon. Mrs. van Hoos sips cherry brandy at the opening meet of the South Notts at Oxton. With her are seen Mrs. "Billie" Seeley, Mr. T. Readett-Bayley, son of Sir D. and Lady Bayley, and Colonel Dene, the Hunt Secretary

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The lead in this move had already been given by the Hamburg-Amerika Line who, undaunted by the loss of the three largest vessels in the world, had already got to work building 20,000-ton liners for travellers with modest purses.

The Canadian Pacific had also stimulated shipbuilding by laying down the *Empress of Japan* (26,000) and *Empress of Canada* (21,000) for their Pacific service. More important, however, was their decision to send all their vessels back to the yards for the installation of a new type of water-tube boiler whose economies have already saved the company hundreds of thousands of pounds.

The process of scrapping out-of-date vessels reached a climax with the despatch of the *Empress of Scotland* to the breaking-up yards a few months ago; and the launching of the magnificent *Empress of Britain*, one of the four luxury liners that have definitely paid their way this year.

Yet the Canadian Pacific, despite a policy of minimizing the value of its War acquisitions, was not free from those embarrassments which have faced all British lines in the past ten years.

During the winter it has had to depend largely upon cruises to keep its ships going, the luxury Atlantic service to Canada running only eight months a year, due largely to the fact that the railway company's winter port was the comparatively inaccessible one of St. John, New Brunswick, in the dangerous Bay of Fundy. Now, however, a

uropa, *sister ship to* Bremen, *one of the two lue Ribbed of the Atlantic.* Europa *and ho long for rioting luxury and publicized speed*

reciprocal agreement has been made with the Canadian National Line—Government controlled—which promises to put the great War-time harbour of Halifax, Nova Scotia (a Canadian National port) back on to the map. Already the *Empress of Britain* sailing up the St. Lawrence summer-way to Quebec has proved that she can beat the New York liner's passenger arrangements to all points west of Chicago. A glance at the map of North America will show what might be done by fast liners using the far more accessible port of Halifax and rapid train services westward. The Canadian Pacific, in short, owes its position to its progressive policy of building new ships.

The Canadian National's post-war venture into shipping has incidentally proved somewhat disastrous, as the published figures of the increasing annual deficit show; an experience shared across the border by the ex-German ships acquired by the United States Shipping Board.

Let us look at the White Star Line. The shipbuilding record of this famous company has been comparatively a modest one of recent years, only the *Albertic* (18,000) and *Doric* (16,000) having been added, until the decision was made to build two 26,000 ton motor-liners for the Liverpool–New York route. The *Britannic*, the first of these, proved so successful last year that a second, the *Georgic*, is being launched this month.

After an early spurt, the Cunard Line also let many years elapse before their courageous decision to tempt the economic trend with a vessel of 73,000 gross tons—over 17,000 tons larger than the largest liner now laid up in Southampton, the White Star *Majestic*.

Charles E. Brown

THE GATHERING OF THE GIANTS: *A unique aerial view of the unique gathering of shipping at Southampton, for six out of the seven largest merchantmen to fly the British ensign were in company.* Aquitania (*Cunard*) *is seen bound for New York, while* Empress of Australia (*Canadian Pacific 21,000 tons*), Arandora Star (*Blue Star 14,000 tons*), Majestic (*White Star 56,000 tons*), Homeric (*34,000 tons*), Berengaria (*Cunard 52,000 tons*), *and* Mauretania (*Cunard 30,000 tons*) *are discernible from left to right*

Their four biggest post-war liners are the *Franconia*, *Laconia*, *Lancastria*, and *Carynthia*, all of 20,000 tons; the *Ascania*, *Alaunia*, *Andania*, and *Aurania* of 14,000; and the *Antonia* and *Ausonia* of 13,000 tons, and built in 1921.

None of these vessels, however, have any real bearing on the Southampton–Cherbourg–New York service, where records are made and national prestige restored—or lowered!

In the meantime, the progress made by foreign liners—embarrassed by none of the so-called fruits of victory—makes painful reading, especially as many of the best foreign vessels that have wrested a large portion of the traffic from British lines happen to owe their excellence to British shipbuilding yards.

The crack Dutch liner *Statendam* (30,000 tons) was, for instance, built in Belfast; and the fine Swedish ship *Gripsholm* was launched at Newcastle. The Clyde can claim credit for at least three big Italian vessels—the *Conte Biancamano*, *Conte Rosso*, and the *Conte Verde*.

Germany and France seem to have taken their lead by sternly dividing the Atlantic passenger traffic business into two sharply-contrasted sections: (a) ships for those who want comfort and economy, and (b) ships for those who want hectic luxury and publicized speed. They realized that the latter type of ship must cater almost exclusively for a race which takes no pleasure in repose, but whose enjoyment lies in constant movement and excitement; I refer to citizens of the United States of America.

Although for sheer comfort it is still impossible to beat the British liners, the travelling Americans—with their passion for novelty—flock in increasing numbers to those French liners who stage cabarets at night and serve cocktails for breakfast in the mornings, and such exciting vessels as the *Europa* and *Bremen*.

The opening of the peace period found both France and Germany bereft of big Atlantic liners, our late Ally having only the *France*, built for the Cie. Générale Transatlantique in 1912 and of 23,000 tonnage. It was not

(Continued on p. 290)

NEW YORK–BERMUDA: *The luxury liner,* Monarch of Bermuda, *leaves the Tyne to take up her new duties—evidence that British shipbuilders are still in great and world-wide demand. She was built by Vickers*

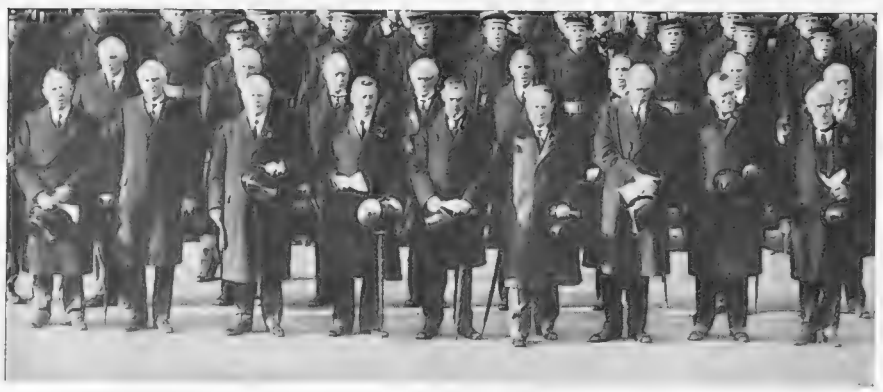
ARMISTICE DAY, 1931

The Thirteenth Annual Celebration of the Impressive and Sacred Silence

AT THE CENOTAPH: The impressive gathering in Whitehall. Special detachments of the three Services are seen in the foreground; there are also contingents representing the ex-Service men and the mercantile and fishing fleets. On the left are members of the Government; on the right is the choir of the Chapel Royal

ROYAL MOURNERS OF THE IMMORTAL DEAD: The Queen, accompanied by Sir Herbert Samuel—in his capacity as Home Secretary—the Prince of Wales, the Duchess of York, Prince George, and the Duke of Gloucester, walk to their several stations. The King was not present owing to the inclement weather

THE PRINCE'S WREATH: The Heir-Apparent lays his tribute to the immortal dead on the steps of the Cenotaph. The Prince also laid the King's wreath, as His Majesty was advised by his doctors not to risk the cold wind



THE HOMAGE OF THE GOVERNMENT: The most unanimously elected representatives the country has ever known stand with bowed heads during the two-minute silence—fitly incarnating the voiceless millions who mourn throughout the Empire

IMPERIAL TRIBUTE: The Prince of Wales, the Duke of Gloucester, Prince George, Prince Arthur of Connaught, the Aga Khan, and other Indian visitors at the Cenotaph. *Above*—The Queen, the Duchess of York, Princess Arthur of Connaught, and Princess Louise in the window of the Home Office

AT ST. PAUL'S: A general view of the great throng that stood in the City, bareheaded, in breathless silence, and remembered. A flight of pigeons—symbolizing for the poetic the souls of the war-dead—swept upward at the end of the Silence

AT THE ROYAL EXCHANGE: The dense crowd at the minor celebration in the City—the Cenotaph, of course, is the major—at 11 o'clock on the 11th day of the 11th month, recalling surcease from the greatest of wars

THE FALL OF THE LEAF

The Frosts of October have Mellowed and the Winds of November Swept away the Foliage of the Trees

KNEE DEEP, NOT IN DAISIES, BUT IN AUTUMN LEAVES! A typical scene in the Park after the first November gale. The leaves were so plentiful at the gates near the Ritz that they could not be opened

MEN WITH LOADS OF THE WIND'S MISCHIEF: A scene at St. James's Gate, which could not be opened for pressure of leaves. Special arrangements had to be made to take them away

THE TREES STRIPPED BY THE WIND: A scene in Bowes Park, North London. The pavements even in town are carpeted with leaves; in the country one rustles—not walks—along the lanes! The crunch of the dry leaves underfoot is a sound at once autumnally melancholy and exhilarating

"AUTUMN'S GAUDY LIVERIES"—IN DISARRAY: The amazing mass of leaves blown down by November's first gale were whirled together at the Marble Arch. One had literally to "paddle" before the street sweepers got to work and cleared up the litter of the wind

A SEA OF LEAVES: An astonishing scene in Hyde Park when the legs of the chairs were totally submerged in leaves. The tracery of the branches is at long last visible in all its delicate lacy silhouettes against the sky—an æsthetic effect that compensates to some extent for the loss of the verdant masses of summer foliage

Above—
A BANK WHEREON THE WILD LEAVES BLOW! One of the paths in Hyde Park immediately after the great storm of last week

On right—
AN EDDY OF LEAVES: A moment in the Mall on the morning when every gust swirled the fallen, faded greenery round in cyclones of rustling brown

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THE SCENE OF THE CRIME: No. 44 Rue du 11 Novembre, Céret, where the wayward daughter of a French judge and her *fiancé* met their deaths. The mystery of the manner of their end created a *cause célèbre*; the varied stories told render it probable that even now the whole truth is not known. The room in which the tragedy transpired is that from which the telegraph fitment projects

THE LOVERS OF CA

A Tragedy of France, Recalling the Habsburg Fatality of Meyerlin Cause and Course Remain Undeciphered. The Case, which wa Official France, that of a Very Minor Dreyfus Affair, Illustrates Clearly th in Procedure between Police and Judicial Methods on the Two Sid

By FERDINAND TUOHY

Céret, high up on the Mediterranean side of the Pyrenees, is more Catalan than French. The language, the costuming, the leafy avenues, the rough wine, the faces, the far-famed bull-ring evoke Spain. The locals have their yellow and red Catalan flag and but for the symbols of *liberté, égalité, fraternité*, one might easily imagine oneself on the Barcelona side. Such a symbol was the lawyer Guillot, French mixture of county solicitor and pleader in one. The Guillots were people of weight in Céret; and so when a child was born to them in 1912 congratulations were many at the customary *vin d'honneur*. Little Marie Thérèse, called Pierrette, was delicate and, as she grew older, the severe winters made it imperative that she should be brought up elsewhere. She entered a convent near St. Sebastien, where she remained until last autumn, when she returned to her parents at Céret. The balance of the convent girl's life was to be swift and full.

In 1926 when the franc crashed M. Poincaré applied the axe to superfluous magistratures, but a year ago, the country commencing to bulge with money, most of the cancelled offices were re-created. In this manner M. Guillot came to be appointed to the Bench down at Castelnaudary in the Carcassonne country well known to "GB" motorists and also renowned the length of France for its succulent *cassoulet*. But it was deemed best that Pierrette should stay on some months with her mother and aunt, Madame Guérin, in the vitalizing mountain air. For she had lungs, Pierrette, and all the symptoms of them—a feverish young creature, darkly attractive and lithe, and who easily had admirers, but also hyper-sensitive, introspective, keeping masses of notes from the writers of sensuous romance (Loti her favourite), now on the heights, now in the depths. *L'amour*—she thought a great deal about that. Early this year she ran away from Céret with a thirty-year-old painter and, when her brother Lucien came up with her at Limoges, said she was engaged. But the painter cancelled things from Paris, and that may well have been a vital date for Pierrette, since henceforward, any time, the secret might leak out and she become a non-starter in the matrimonial stakes, gravest of social handicaps for a *jeune fille de province*. In the bourgeois marriages of France virginity has not yet come to be a thing about which nothing is said one way or the other. Perhaps ever after Pierrette may have been compelled to concentrate upon becoming affianced.

In May she and the two older women took up residence with Judge Guillot, a sturdy man of fifty-five, in "the house with the green shutters," 44 rue du 11 Novembre, Castelnaudary. The family was not particularly popular, being strangers—they had come some fifty miles from a neighbouring department. However, M. Guillot fulfilled his duties at the Tribunal each day while Mmes. Guillot and Guérin attended to the house helped by a maid named Fite, and Pierrette immersed herself in *l'amour* (on paper) and (in person) in André, the nineteen-year-old son of an infantry captain in garrison. So the hot Midi summer passed. Pierrette rather alarmed the other girls. "Tormented" they have since called her. So perpetually keyed up, intense of voice and gesture, intent on wringing so much from life now, *now*. Still—a judge's daughter. If things were to be said later concerning Pierrette's alleged "*flirts*," they were hardly spoken aloud while she lived. In August, up the family journeyed, from the stifling heat, to the superb 6,000-ft. plateau of the Cerdagne where they have snow half the year and which is distantly dominated by the Spanish Sierra and by Andorra. They stayed at a summer resort above France's highest town, Mt. Louis. And, once again, the mountains worked their effect on highstrung, fast-moving Pierrette. This time it was good-looking Paul Bartre, medical student in the Bordeaux Naval Academy and of honourable parentage near Perpignan. "An idyll sprang up." The judge invited Paul to Castelnaudary, when the young man should presently be crossing back to Bordeaux. On September 26 Paul Bartre arrived, intending to stay forty-eight hours. After ten days he was still at the house with the green shutters, but ready at last to catch the 2.50 p.m. express Bordeaux-wards. The young couple had been seen much down by the river, arm in arm. "Engaged." The family smiled knowingly. Yet the exact trend of those ten days, what was said, arranged (if anything), will never be known; certainly Paul, as one of eight children expecting to inherit an eighth of the Bartre estate, took no steps to acquaint his father with any marriage intentions — a thing French sons invariably and naturally do. For often parents have something devastatingly final to say. The other family is not good enough, has not enough money, probings into the girl's past give an unsatisfactory yield.

The last *déjeuner* (Fite says) was gay. Having to resume his duties at two o'clock, Judge Guillot was the first to bid his guest good-bye. But on the way to the Tribunal the judge felt he must retrace his steps for a second farewell, and so we find him back at the house again before half-past two. Where were the others then? Fite was down at the town washing pool. Paul and Pierrette were up in the former's room, "packing." Mmes. Guillot and Guérin—the judge's sister—were in a room next door. (What doing?) The judge mounts the stairs to say his re-good-bye and finds the lovers standing together in strained silence. "Papa," said Pierrette, "everything is finished between us. We are not going to be married." "Voyons, les enfants," the judge observes, and goes to fetch the ladies. Have these heard a lovers' quarrel? No. But outside is a lorry-driver, and he soon hears something—three reports—first, an isolated one, and then two more which rang out after he had walked round the lorry to see if a tyre had burst. Alarmed, the man then knocked at the judge's door. After some delay the judge opened this and announced, "There has been a suicide. No one enters!" And the door was shut again. After which the house is to remain unvisited for nearly an hour; until the gendarmes, summoned by the lorry-driver, arrive, and about the same time, a doctor, telephoned for by the judge. What may have been done or arranged in that interval? Perhaps nothing; perhaps a great deal. Certainly a bullet, an anonymous letter received by Paul that morning, all Pierrette's correspondence, were never found. Yet such is conjecture; here was fact.

A grievous sight awaited the inspector, his junior, the doctor, and the driver when they penetrated upstairs. On the floor, between a divan and a bed, lay Paul and Pierrette, each with a gaping temple wound. And in what an extraordinary position. Blood clues indicated that neither had been touched. The girl was stretched out on her back and was still breathing faintly. She had been suffered to remain an hour so, with Paul lying across her legs, the two forming a kind of cross. Powder blackening showed Pierrette's wound to have been point-blank. With Paul, it was not so, and in his right hand was firmly gripped one of the girl's shoes. No sign of a weapon. Inquiry.

"Here is the arm of the crime," explained the judge, removing a large calibre revolver from his coat pocket. "It is mine. They both knew where I kept it—in the drawer of my night-table. It was in Bartre's right hand. I removed it without thinking—I was so overcome. He first shot his fiancée and then himself."

"But, Monsieur le Juge," the inspector hesitated, taken aback that the first law in crime detection should have been violated by a magistrate. Besides, the inspector pointed down at the dead hand said to have clasped a pistol, there it was twisted in *rigor mortis* round a shoe. Still, the inspector ventured no further. After all, he was in the presence of a magistrate, of the régime, of the Republic. It required Dr. Baisset, who had been hopelessly bathing the girl's head, to drive matters home.

"No, judge. What you say is impossible. The man could not have killed himself. The shot was fired

WITH HONOUR AVENGED: M. Bartre, the father of the murdered Paul, with his other son and Maître Noguère, the famous Parisian advocate, emerge from the house of death having achieved their great desire—the vindication of the memory of the murdered man (who had been accused of murder and suicide) and the honour of the Bartre family

TELNAUDARY

whose Actual in its Effect on Wide Divergence of the Channel

from a distance of nearly two feet and downward from behind."

But the judge would have none of it. It was as he had said.

Well, what had the women to say?

Madame Guillot related, "I heard a shot and rushed in and knelt beside my daughter who had fallen. I paid no heed to the young man. I was uttering words of comfort when I heard two more shots and Paul collapsed across my daughter's legs."

Conflict entire. But then the *Parquet* descended on the scene, and after a while went away evidently prepared to accept their colleague's explanation. At which juncture it may be opportune to explain what the *Parquet* is, for in doing so there will stand vividly contrasted two modes of criminal procedure, that of England and France. In the case of the former what must have supervened upon the foregoing happenings? One thing only: in view of the alarming vista opened up by the statements of the Guillots, these would have been taken to the police station and there, signed, detailed statements would have been taken (if the pair were willing) from which subsequent withdrawal would have been difficult if not impossible without the gravest suspicions being aroused. Then would have followed the inquest at which the chief witnesses would have been the Guillots, Madame Guérin, the lorry-driver, the doctor, the two police first on the field, and the maid Fite. An exhaustive investigation would have almost certainly thrown light on the precise nature of the dead couple's relationship and, therefore, upon possible motive. But the main evidence would unquestionably have been "Spilsbury" in texture. Judge Guillot had said Paul Bartre shot his affianced, and that he (Guillot) took the pistol from the young assassin's hand. Doubly, as we have seen, Judge Guillot lied. This might have been sufficient for a British coroner's jury to bring in such a verdict as would have led to police-court proceedings during which much of the inquest evidence would have been repeated and fresh testimony adduced (from gunsmiths, intimates of the two victims, and so on). *Motive* would have been constantly held in the foreground. And it is not unreasonable to suppose that the case would have crystallized into these three leading considerations:

(*a*) Pierrette shot Paul and then herself. In this case she fired three times from a very heavy revolver without blackening her hand. But if she was the murderess, how could Paul have fallen on top of her, as he did do? Paul was shot from behind and downward. By what conceivable contortion could Pierrette, lying on the ground, have managed this angle of fire? Moreover, there was the interval between the first shot and the two others—five or six seconds. How to space these shots plausibly if the girl, reserving one of the last two for herself, was the assailant? But principally there was the statement of Mme. Guillot that her daughter was already prone before the two final shots were fired.

(*b*) Paul shot Pierrette and then himself. This could not be entertained in view of the nature of Paul's wound—apart from the fact that the hand which should have held a pistol held a shoe.

(*c*) A third party entered the bedroom and the girl either shot herself at once or a little later, following which the third party, seizing the revolver from her hand, shot down the young man, who fell across the prone girl.

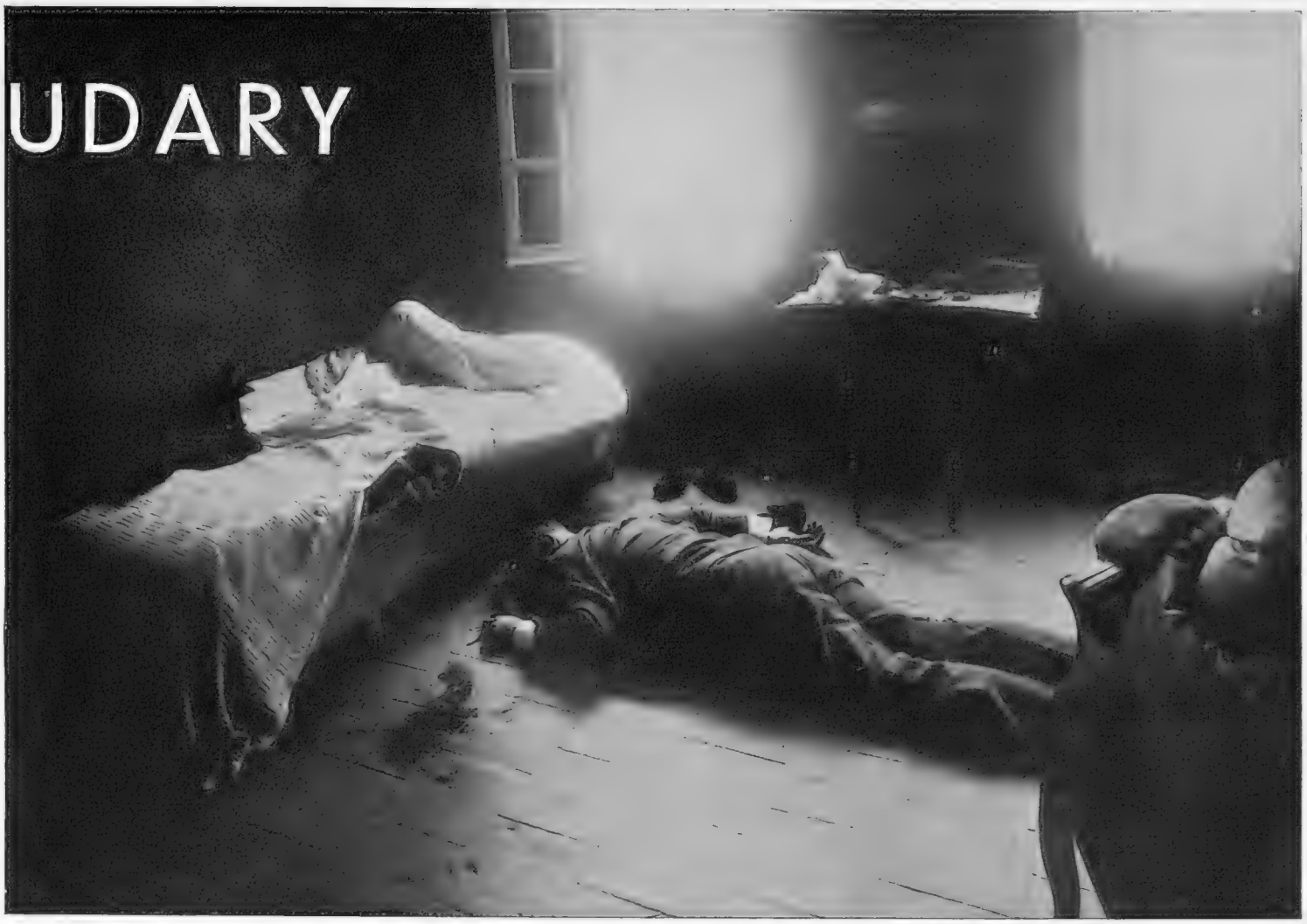
So much can be said with safety, but there is no need to proceed further into English legal procedure. The point of the immense value of preliminary proceedings—inquest, and, if necessary, police court—has been made. In this way alone can statements made at the crucial outset, together with precise evidence of what was found, be swiftly and irrevocably pinned down. Let us rather turn to what supervened at Castelnaudary.

There was no inquest. There was no police court. Everything devolved upon the *Parquet*. This consists of local magistrates, usually two in number, a police doctor, a clerk, and one or two inspectors of the "Mobile Brigade" and detectives. The whole thing is done *en cabinet*, and a voluminous *dossier* rapidly swells up. The *Parquet* proceeds entirely after its own fashion. It may allow days to elapse between one hearing and the next, days during which the newspapers "take charge" of the investigation in a land where contempt of court and libel exist hardly more than in name. If the magistrates should be biased or venial or muddle-headed or angling for promotion—so much the worse for the scales of justice. According to the Press every magistrate is both devoted and brilliant; but this is merely symptomatic of the "police-and-the-law-can-do-no-wrong" attitude which the majority of Frenchmen adopt. The *Parquet*, then, is inquisitorial, coaxing, dredges rumours, holds confrontations; and should it decide at some stage or another of its haphazard enquiry that an arrest is indicated, this is executed and the case passes to a *juge d'instruction* who, in his turn, proceeds to pile up the *dossier*. It is obvious that the whole procedure is infinitely *personal* and open to abuse. Here is what they made of it at Castelnaudary—

No seals were placed on the fatal room; the pistol was not only fingered but taken to pieces. Next day the *Parquet* (from Carcassonne and acquainted with the judge) said they saw small reason to doubt M. Guillot's story of murder and suicide by Bartre. But Dr. Baisset would not be gainsaid and told the newspapers that this solution was physically impossible, an attitude which was reinforced later when the Bartre family briefed Maître Noguère, a leading Paris attorney, to defend its honour. Old Monsieur Bartre went further; he constituted himself a civil party and carried plaint against the Unknown, while accusing nobody. Had he omitted to do this, the *Parquet* had it in its power to close down the case at will. Now, it could no longer do this, so the sleuthing gathered momentum, the former convent girl's features adorning the front page, far and wide, the while the district emitted smothered poison talk. How little have *mœurs de province* altered since the Bovary's day! The same zest in the human hunt, the same cringing before the oligarchy, the same inhibited venom mounting to the surface, the same background of *intérêt*, the same uncivic absence of justice for justice's sake. . . .

The judge stood his ground. No one had dared to name more than *un tiers* as having possibly committed the crime, so that M. Guillot had not himself to defend. He defended his daughter's good name, the notion that Pierrette may have been a murderess. He had to combat this at all costs. A fearful family stigma, one which could never be lived down, under which he could never continue on the Bench—a daughter a murderess! But the judge reckoned without old Monsieur Bartre who also was out to defend a family name. It became a duel of family honour—with the dead far receded—the time-honoured placing of *la famille* before all. Duel with a whispering gallery . . . people saying that the father had avenged himself on one who had taken his daughter and was now throwing her aside; others averring that Paul had walked into a matrimonial trap and was within his rights in withdrawing; and others again, who held that undue "get married"-pressure had been put on poor Pierrette. The upshot was that the Carcassonne *Parquet* had to admit that it may have been, after all, a case of murder and suicide by Pierrette. The thing was—could Judge Guillot be persuaded to accept such reading of the crime?

(*Continued on p. 290*)



THE RECONSTRUCTION OF THE CRIME: One of the most gruesome moments in the drama described in the accompanying article, when in all the hideous squalor of the setting of the original crime a detective posed with lifelike verisimilitude as the murdered Paul Bartre. This, revolting to English eyes, is the classic method of French judicial procedure, and it is very largely due to such means that French criminals are brought to justice. Even the most iron-nerved murderer might well make some fateful, fatal slip when confronted by such a *tableau vivant* as this

M. PAUL BARTRE, who, after his death, was accused of the murder of his sweetheart and subsequent suicide—a charge now absolutely disproven

PIERRETTE GUILLOT, the frail and consumptive daughter of a French judge who, it has been officially stated, shot her lover and then met her death

MME GUÉRIN, the aunt of Pierrette, whose presence with the girl's mother and father at the house of tragedy did nothing to clarify the mystery

M. GUILLOT, the father of the unhappy girl, who perjured himself to save her reputation and his own position—if not for more cogent reasons

CHIEF FULL MOON of the Stoneys. Most Indians prefer to live in Canada than America for its greater similarity to the old life of the Redskins

CHIEF WHITE WINGS of the Blood Indians of Western Canada. He is seen wearing the traditional feathers of the exalted office of chief

CHIEF HIGH EAGLE of the Blackfoot Tribe. Seamed and scarred, he yet bears with pride his medal, bearing the effigy of the King

WALKING BUFFALO, a Stoney Indian Chief, and his family at Morley, Alberta. The cowrie shells are a survival of the days when they were held to promote fertility among women, but the superstition is dead and they are now worn only as ornaments

SCOUTS of the Blackfoot Indians. They are normally lynx-eyed and can distinguish objects with the naked eye before the Pale-face can pick them out even with the aid of glasses

THE BRAVE DOG SOCIETY: The "soldiers" perform police duties of the camp and enforce the regulations of the tribe. They are seen above bearing their wands of office. The Redskins also, apparently, have policewomen!

THE "TRAVOIS": This is known as the "Ford" among the Plain Indians. The child is well fastened in blankets otherwise it would be flung on to the ground when the pony broke into a canter—the normal pace of the Redskins when travelling

THE CAMP: A village of the Stoney Indians at Banff. The bird painting on the wall of the tepee is the symbol of the Thunder-bird, the counterpart in Redskin mythology of the Eagle of Zeus. The semi-circular designs represent the rainbow by which the animal ancestors of the Indian ascended into the Happy Hunting Fields, set in the sky. Red Indian mythology has a distinct affinity to the myths of Scandinavia—for the Happy Hunting Grounds are very akin to Valhalla

BUFFALO DAYS

Told by Otter of the Sioux to C. W. Henry

Huh!

Out from the lodges go the old people; they stumble through the buffalo-grass and strike their mouths with their hands as they murmur "Ho-he! The days that were good are dead!" For they knew the days when the buffalo herds were as the stars in number and when warriors counted coup on their enemies.

Brave was the warrior in the day that is yesterday; from his childhood had he been trained to endure hardship and pain without show or voice. As a boy he would rival the other boys of the tribe as they dived into the ice-filled waters of the river so that he might gain the arrow thrown therein by their teacher and so count coup. To count coup was his daily ambition.

When his fame in counting coup had earned for him the title of brave, he would gaze upon the maidens and find them fair. Beauteous were the maidens in those days, strong in the heart and arm, fit squaws for braves of the chase. For my people loved not to stay many moons in one place. As the buffalo herds moved across the great plains so wandered my people, for to them the buffalo was the source of all they owned. Rich and poor there were in all the tribes, but greatness lay not in stores of wampum or furs or hides; kindness and good deeds only counted for greatness, and the wants of the poor were supplied by those who had much.

The scouts of the tribe would give warning that the herd was on the move, and at once would the tepees be struck. The braves would hasten across the face of the prairies on pony-back and draw near to the herd. Around a great bull would surge the buffalo eating to their heart's content; they were too stupid to care for themselves, and so they left that task to the bull whose shaggy head was tossed on high as he sniffed the breeze for scent of human foes. As well might he sniff for the moon as for my people!

Great would be the slaughter when, at a signal from the war-chief, the braves rode in among the herd winging their arrows as they rode. Loud upon the clear air would rise the shouts of the Redskins.

All that they counted necessary to life was gained from the buffalo by my people. Sweet and tasty is buffalo-meat to the Redskin, and even when dried on sticks in the sun it loses little of its goodness and flavour. The hide of the animal provided clothes and blankets for the winter, and sometimes it made a shell for a boat. No stronger belt or lasso could be made than one woven of buffalo-hair. Bowls and cups were made from the horns, and even knives and combs for the hair of the women, while the sinews of the beast made thongs of great strength.

Then came the paleface from out the East, and as he drove the buffalo westward, so wandered my people. Tribes danced round the war-fires and donned the paint and feathers; they fought to hold the lands of their fathers, but all their struggling was as trying to beat out the flames of the forest with a blanket. Soldiers were sent to herd the Red man into reservations, and many soldiers and Indians were slain. The hunters then did what the soldiers could not; they starved the Indians into reservations. For a dollar or two a hide they destroyed the animals on which the Indians depended.

Famine descended upon my people, and fear. Perhaps the old people are wiser than us when they tread the buffalo-grass saying "Ho-he! The days that were good are dead!"

I have spoken.

WEDDING IN CEYLON

The Pageantry of the Orient Displayed in a Blaze of Splendour

Splendour rarely encountered outside the courts of Oriental princes and, in fact, outshining any other social spectacle of modern times in Ceylon, marked the wedding of the daughter of the premier Cingalese surgeon to a young Cambridge graduate who belongs to a family as distinguished in the island as that of the bride.

A myriad electric bulbs bathed the surroundings in dazzling colour and light. The hour of the wedding was half-past eight at night. This was a unique departure from modern Cingalese convention, but it intensified the Eastern *motif* that throbbed through the brilliant scene like an echo from Ceylon's memorable past. The spectacle was too gorgeous for day and demanded the glamorous background of a tropical night.

Hours before the rejoicings started crowds began to converge on the junction of the roads that lead to the Ward Place mansion whose name is "Manohari." As night fell and the time came for the guests to arrive the streets were thronged as never before. A strange excitement pervades an Eastern crowd. Some of those in the seething mass did not know exactly what they had gone forth to see. But see something they must, and not all the oaths and pushes of policemen could dislodge them from temporary possession of the King's highway. Those for whom the road held no room surged on to the neighbouring walls. Stolidly they waited, blocking the way for the endless procession of cars.

"The Bridegroom Comes." A shout soon rose triumphantly above that hum. Consistent with custom, the groom set out on foot from his mother's home in Horton Place, in the Cinnamon Gardens, in the company of near relatives and with a retinue of retainers, to make his way to the home of the bride's parents. He walked on white cloth (*pavada*) spread before him by assiduous attendants, and above him a faithful bodyguard held a scintillating canopy of silver and blue.

Ancient custom was scrupulously followed, and the bridegroom's gifts to the bride were borne on trays in the procession.

The bridegroom moved at a stately pace to the *Magul Maduwa*, or wedding pavilion, a magnificent structure of Eastern design with beautiful dome and minarets. Framed in white daisies within the pavilion was the bridal throne. The air was heavy with the scent of jasmine, and garlands of other blossoms made the Maduwa a bower of enchanting loveliness.

"Here Comes the Bride!" All eyes and a number of cameras, for whose benefit a special illumination had been arranged, were focussed on the broad stairway down which she came in a procession of prettily-clad Cingalese maidens swinging incense, carrying lighted coconut shells or lotus-shaped baskets of flowers. Perfume and blossoms were lavishly shed on the white cloth that was spread before the procession of gilded youth and beauty. Chanting religious stanzas, the procession moved into the pavilion to meet the bridegroom and best man, and the ceremony began. The retinue of maids grouped themselves on the raised steps leading up to the dais. The bride was now in full view of a thousand admiring eyes.

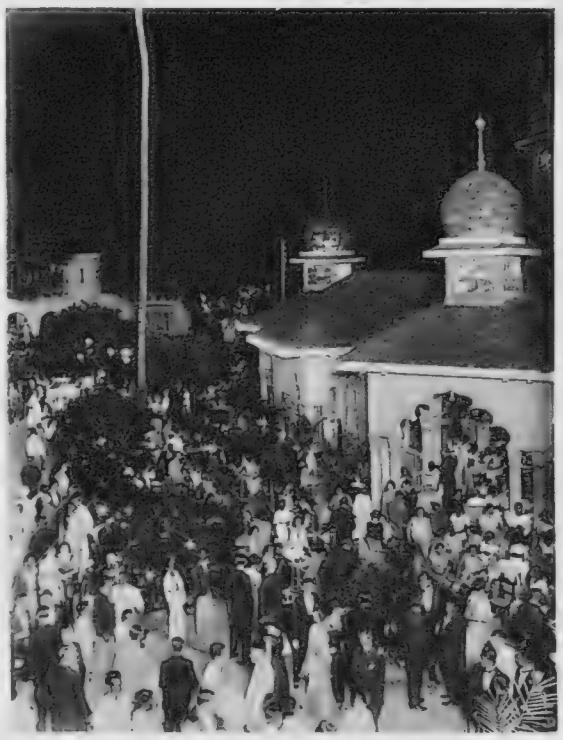
The bride's uncle tied the little finger of the bride and that of the bridegroom, and turned them round thrice. From a golden vessel her father poured water over the fingers thus joined together, and then untied the thread. The bride served her future "lord and master" with milk-rice and oil-cakes, always auspicious fare in Eastern households. The ceremony over, the happy couple made obeisance to their parents, offering them betel leaves as they bent low in worship.

Standing on the steps of the throne, now man and wife, they received the salutations of other near relatives, while Hawaiian musicians sang and played guitar melodies of the South Seas that blended quaintly with the sacred chants of the singing girls.

Later, on a platform in the wedding pavilion, a svelte Nautch girl, clad in turquoise blue, danced with rhythmic abandon and matchless grace. Elsewhere weird devil-dancers went through tireless contortions. Hawaiian, Western, and Eastern music strove to satisfy the ear, while the eye surveyed the scene that animated the lawn and spacious rooms crammed with a brilliant assembly of guests.

THE BRIDAL THRONE: The *Magul Poruwa* was made from no fewer than 300,000 jasmine blossoms specially brought from India. Skilled flower artists to fashion it were also imported from the mainland

THE CEREMONY COMPLETED: Bride and groom stand beneath the canopy or wedding throne known as the *Magul Poruwa*. The costumes of the protagonists were typical of the more gorgeous raiment of the East



A FEW OF THE GUESTS: No fewer than ninety nationalities, European and Asiatic, resident in Ceylon, who had probably never before been present all at once at any function, made up the tale of guests

THE WEDDING PAVILION: Special illuminations were arranged in the gardens to enable cameras to record the unique gathering; for beauty, shaded radiance was emitted by innumerable fairy lights

FATHER AND DAUGHTER: Dr. A. Marcellus da Silva and his daughter, Millicent Evelyn, walk to the wedding pavilion. Dr. da Silva, who wore European dress, is the premier surgeon of Ceylon and his daughter one of its reigning belles

PROFESSIONAL ENTERTAINERS: The dancers from Kandy. Various kinds of dancing—devil dancers, Nautch girls, etc.—and different kinds of music—Eastern, Western, and Hawaiian—were provided with all the lavishness of the Orient

PROCESSIONAL: The bridegroom, attended by his retinue bearing dagger-ended poles and flambeaux, makes his way on foot with grave difficulty through the crowded street to the bride's house in the garden of which the marriage was celebrated

THE LURE *of the* LIMELIGHT— THAT SELDOM SHINES!

The Amazing Varieties of Folk that Seek Work on the Films and the Great Agency that has Classified on its Books 35,000 Artistes of Various Types

By CHARLES GRAVES

"CONNIE"—*alias Miss Constance Spark, the head of the greatest film agency in Britain, which has the names of 35,000 inscribed on its books. Miss Spark recently announced her engagement to Mr. Edward Chapman, whose performance as Jess Oakroyd in "The Good Companions" evoked great praise*

It is one of the signs of the times, and of the sudden activity in British moving pictures, that if anybody loses his or her job nowadays somebody will say, "Oh, well, why not go on the films?" It is common knowledge that for crowd-work, where no technical experience of films is necessary, the payment is a guinea a day, and in some cases more. By simple arithmetic this is 6 guineas a week—with a day off on Sundays—or £327 12s. a year. The optimist further hopes that soon a small part job will be available, and that finally a dazzling career as a full-fledged star at, say, £200 a week will result.

Alas, for these vain imaginings. You remember the Hollywood film about three years ago when the local belle goes to Los Angeles to become a star? She is accompanied by her father, mother, brother, and the maid. After they have been there about six months the father, mother, brother, and maid all get jobs as character actors, but the pretty girl is still making the round of the studios without success. Life is even grimmer at Elstree, Twickenham, Beaconsfield, Islington, and the other English film studios.

But I must not go ahead too fast. In Los Angeles they have a central casting bureau where everybody registers. I forget the size of the list, but it runs into many thousands; and while many call, few are chosen. It is not quite the same in England. The time has not yet arrived when the craze for going on the films has reached such a height that an official bureau of would-be actors and actresses is compulsory. But if other English producers follow the example of Mr. Michael Balcon, who proposes to spend a million pounds on an annual output of fifty-two films a year, which is one a week, something will have to be done. Already all the big American film companies are contemplating the erection of film studios in England in order to keep pace with the ever-rising film quota, and, too, the dropping pound. So the film producing companies may soon have to start an official casting bureau.

N.W.—BRIXTON: Fair hair; green eyes; 5 ft. 5½ in.; dancer, stage and ballroom; swim; drive; mannequin

J.T.—HAMMERSMITH: Dark; 24; 5 ft. 5½ in.; some film experience and some stage; can ride; drive; swim; dance

M.H.—KENSINGTON: Fair; 23; 5 ft. 5 in.; fluent French; dancing; chorus-work; chorus singing only

K.S.—BLOOMSBURY: Dark; ingénue; 5 ft. 4½ in.; dancing; riding; swimming

B.D.—BLOOMSBURY: 21; 5 ft. 5 in.; dancing; some film experience, mainly crowd-work

N.R.—PALL MALL: Dark; Eton crop; sophisticated or quartier latin type; dancing

F.F.—HAMPSTEAD: 24; 5 ft. 2 in.; 7 st. 10 lb.; black hair, naturally curly; model; mezzo-soprano 3 octave range; dancing

G.C.—MAIDA VALE: 5 ft. 8 in.; dark hair, long bob; 22; repertory experience; some French; dancing and chorus singing

V.P.—PADDINGTON: Dark hair; dark eyes; dancing; ingénue type; varied stage experience; little film work; capable and quick study

Meantime, however, anybody who wants to go on the films goes to 92, Regent Street. I went myself to see what happened. My original plan was to present myself anonymously as a seeker after crowd-work, and then tell the story. But my patience would not permit of this. I had turned out of Regent Street up a little arcade with hats and handbags in the windows. I had observed no sign that I was about to enter the most important film agency in this country until I saw a little notice to the effect that artistes were asked not to clutter up the scenery, or words to that effect. A lift then took me to the second floor and then, passing through a glass door, I saw a room crowded with would-be actors and actresses. They were of every age and both sexes, but most of them were old. They hung about patiently.

I waited ten minutes, and then decided on the cowardly course of making myself known to the management, and asking them to tell me what would have happened if I had gone through with the experiment incognito. The answer was that sooner or later I would have presented myself, photographs in hand, either to Connie herself (for this agency, as all film actors will have guessed already, is Connie's), or to Lily, the secretary, or to Mr. Barker, or to Mr. Allen. Connie, Lily, or Messrs. Barker and Allen would then have asked me if I had any stage or film experience. If, as I would have had to, I told them that I had none, I would have probably received a small sad lecture on the follies of trying to make money out of going on the films, culminating in the advice that I should get the idea out of my head immediately.

If I had remained stubborn, one of the quartette would take my name and address, my photograph and telephone number. And then, supposing my clothes had been fashionable enough, I would perhaps have been docketed as Graves, Charles, 70, Gloucester Place, Portman Square, W.1, Paddington 2985, crowd-work, no stage or film experience. And that would probably have been that. The chances would be that in the course of the next few months I might be asked to present myself a dozen times, for which I would receive a guinea a go, and in return would hang about some studios for ten hours, and ultimately be one of two hundred people whose photographs appeared in a crowd scene at Ascot or in a night club.

You see, the trouble with me is that I do not come under any particular category, any more than you do in all probability. I am neither very fat, nor bearded, nor bald, nor can I imitate dogs barking or even hens laying eggs. I do not possess a knife-grinding machine, nor am I a contortionist. For, as is only reasonable when you come to think of it, anybody who can be graded as anything particular is docketed as such. And now for a few statistics. At Connie's alone no fewer than 35,000 people are registered as actual or potential film-actors and film-actresses. Of these, barely 10 per cent. make a living out of it. And a living, mind you, is considered to mean only £100 a year. Those people who make £200 a year out of crowd-work are extremely limited, and even they make most of it on the side. That is to say, they make it out of posing for commercial films who want pretty girls to photograph in the act of eating their toffee, clicking their cameras, putting on their silk stockings, or advertising in some other way their goods. For it is quite a normal procedure for an advertising agent who wants a pretty model to walk into Connie's, thumb through the photographs of pretty girls who specialize in smart crowd-work, and then send for them to pose in a new bathing-dress or the latest ski-ing outfit. It is not film-work, but it is all part of the game and an essential part, too.

C.L.—CLAPHAM: Tall man; 6 ft. 6 in.; character parts; crowd parts; useful for tough stuff

P.C.—GRAVESEND: 50-55; military type; straight subsidiary parts; crowd-work mainly

To revert, though, to the 35,000 people registered at Connie's, 99 per cent. of them are tabulated under one of the hundred sub-divisions. The remainder are filed under "miscellaneous."

Here are some of the grades:

Leading men.
Juvenile leading men.
Smart part men.
Juvenile leading girls.
Leading ladies.
Vamps.
Leading aristocratic elderly ladies.
Leading character ladies.
Good small part character ladies.
Comedians—leads.
Comediennes—leads.
Aristocratic leading elderly men.
Small part men.
Small part ladies.
People with motor-cars.
Motor-cyclists.
Bearded men.
Doubles—ladies.
Small part girls.
Policemen, detectives, commissionaires.
Waiters.
Footmen.
Butlers and men-servants.
Bald-headed men.
French maids.
Men and girl swimmers.
Italian types.
Very fat women.
Doctors, solicitors, clergy.
Fencers.
Very fat men.
Indians—both sexes.
Men and women who can ride horses.
Girls with nice legs.
Nurses and maids.
Japanese.
Small girls.
Germans.
Babies.
Jews.
Boys over sixteen.
Aeroplane pilots.
Negroes.
Vocalists.
Girls with long hair.
Dark mannequins.
Short-haired flappers.
Long-haired flappers.
Fair mannequins.
Smart elderly crowd men.
Classical dancers.
Extraordinary types—men and women.
Animals and animal trainers.
Barmaids.
Girls with Eton crops.
"Doubles" of well-known stars.
Singers, bathing girls, and naval officers.
Dudes.
Boxers and toughs.
Smart young company directors.
Scotch and Irish types.
Smart elderly crowd ladies.

You might think that this is pretty comprehensive. But there is yet another grade. This is the "miscellaneous" which I mentioned earlier. The first on the miscellaneous list is Mr. L. Wellman. Mr. Wellman's speciality is the ownership of a chestnut barrow. There is another chestnut merchant, but he is an old man. Others in the list are:

Two B.B.C. announcers.
Acrobats.
A rope-spinning act.
A foot equilibrist.
Alf Sydney, "Good for any stunt."
Three tumblers.
Two animal mimics.
Parachutists and trick motor-cyclists.
A circus riding master.
A whistler-and-paper-tearer.
Ben George, a yodeller.
Jack Baxter, who has a Punch and Judy show.
Two conjurers.
Pam Harris, "can typewrite."
Mrs. A. Green, "very, very ugly, dark, long hair."

It will be seen that there are not more than three of any of the miscellaneous types. Some of the statistics of the previous types are also interesting.

Thus, so high is the standard demanded of the girls with nice legs, that there are only three rated as such out of the whole 35,000 people registered at Connie's. I was told, incidentally, that there is not much demand for them now with the long skirt fashions. The aeroplane pilots number nine all told. Of bearded men there are thirty. There is a round dozen of very fat women—two more than the number of very fat men. There is a similar supply of completely bald-headed men, but there are only nine girls left with Eton crops.

R.M.—FINSBURY PARK: 36; good wardrobe; ballroom dancing; rowing; can speak lines

C.R.—FULHAM: 5 ft. 9 in.; fair long hair; character and comedy stage work; can dance and sing

On the whole, it would appear that if you do not already possess the stage or film experience which would qualify you for a small part, the best thing to be is a smart crowd girl. Even then you will be lucky if you make as much as £4 a week, and you will never know at what time of day or night your telephone will ring and the call will come to appear in full evening dress at 8 o'clock next morning. It is one of the coincidences of smart crowd-girls that nearly all of them live north of Hyde Park. Girl after girl lives in Maida Vale, Harrow, Hampstead, Pinner, and other N. or N.W. localities.

But here is another sad fact. Mr. A. V. Allen, who for a long time was casting-director at Elstree before he joined Connie's, cannot remember the name of a single star who was originally in the crowd-work and then caught the eye of a director. It apparently happens often enough in Hollywood. But over here directors work differently. You cannot, in fact, name a single English film star, they tell me, who ever did crowd work. On the contrary, if any member of the crowd catches the eye of the director it probably means that he is catching the eye of the camera, is spoiling the shot and, in fact, is qualifying for instant dismissal.

Take the sad little story of the son of the gardener who came from Welwyn to Elstree to interview Mr. Allen. He arrived with about four dozen automatic-machine photographs of himself. In order to pay for them he had sold his lawn mower. In each of these photographs he was expressing some kind of emotion. In one, for example, he wore a shawl round his head, and he was depicting the suffering on the face of a mariner whose trusty vessel was approaching an iceberg which successively strikes it and sinks it. Out of pity Mr. Allen engaged him in crowd work. But alas, his zeal outran his discretion. The scene was a Ruritanian Royal wedding procession, and the crowds, of which the gardener's boy was one, were instructed to wave their hands and handkerchiefs, and generally look loyal. The gardener's boy, with his mind full of young hopefuls in Hollywood who caught the director's eye and made their fortune, jumped about 6 ft. into the air, yelling like a dervish. This completely wrecked the sequence, and the young man was told to draw his guinea, never to return.

All kinds of people came to see Mr. Allen at Elstree. There were pretty girls who had walked all the way out there from London instead of going in to 92, Regent Street, to register there in the proper way. There were ex-leading ladies of the musical-comedy stage of thirty years ago who were only too glad to receive occasional £6 a-week jobs doing tiny parts as charwomen. There were all kinds of eccentrics and people with big ideas.

One old man arrived and produced his card with a flourish. It said Professor Blank, the World's Greatest Wizard. The poor old boy was carrying brown paper parcels under each arm and a bread-book full of humorous scenarios that were going to make Charlie Chaplin look like a deaf mute. He had apparently got hold of some old-fashioned magical book full of instructions about optical delusions like *Pygmalion* and *Galatea*. He had a cap with a piece of string attached to the peak of it which he suddenly pulled up and down, grimacing the while. He was explaining that this was part of his spectacular scenario, *The Chase of the Inhuman Man*. The climax of it was to be when he climbed the roof of Scotland Yard and then, seizing a chimney-pot, killed with successive blows all the members of the Flying Squad who had been brave enough to follow him. "Of course," he said, "it won't be a real chimney-pot. My idea—I thought of it myself—is that it should be made of cardboard." He went on to say that he proposed to make his fortune in two years. Certainly he never intended to return to the barber's shop near the West India Docks. That is a tragic story, but so are many of those who listen to their neighbours and are convinced that all they need do is to call at Elstree or Connie's and receive a long contract immediately.

"One must really be a psychologist when dealing with these people," Mr. Allen went on. "They all tell you that they are born actors, like one fellow who came along and said he was such a born actor that he could express every emotion under the sun at a moment's notice. He said he could laugh or cry instantaneously. This was rather hopeful, So I asked him to cry. He brightened up at once when he realized he was about to be give me an audition, then he screwed up his face, sniffed heavily, made choking sounds, but not a tear would come. After wrestling with himself for two or three minutes he asked, half blubbering, whether he might go outside for a second, as he would then return weeping hard. So he went out and then came back. But still he could not cry. Finally, he said that if a single sympathetic note of music was played, the tears would course down his cheeks like a waterfall. But really I had no time to try yet another experiment." One of Mr. Allen's greatest trials is the mother with the small son "who is another Jackie Coogan," or the small daughter "who is a second Mitzi Green." According to Mr. Allen, these Jackie Coogans are the most dreadful little pests. They arrive in patent leather shoes carrying ornamental canes and wearing grown-up clothes. "If there is one thing I do not like," said Mr. Allen, "it is precocious children. And the precocity of some of them is unbelievable. Worse still, when the time comes for them to go, the mothers say: "Now, Jackie, show your manners and kiss the nice Mr. Allen good-bye."

Another of the trials of a casting director and film agencies is the number of people who are told by all their friends that they are the living image of some well-known Hollywood film stars. Among the men, Jack Holts and Lewis Stones are the most common. Greta Garbos and Constance Bennetts head the list of the girl film-aspirants. But the resemblance is never more than fleeting. And usually there is none at all.

To return to the subject of crowd-work and Connie's, it appears that calls from film directors who suddenly want a large number of extras come in cycles. There was one hectic week when no fewer than 2,000 people were wanted for crowd-work. Usually the calls are for anything from five to thirty people. There may be as many as ten or fifteen of these in a day. But there are days when there are none at all.

On other occasions a crowd of 250 will be wanted for a whole week at some place like Tilbury. Transport is always arranged for the crowds. Usually they go by motor coaches, but sometimes by a special train.

Such, then, is the chance of the film-struck girl or boy to reach the top. It is a practically forlorn one unless they have had some stage experience. Possibly the time will come, of course, when directors take a chance and take somebody out of crowd-work and star her. But it has not yet arrived, and until it does, I should not advise anybody who has anything better to do to attempt the carving out of a career on the films. Unless they have had previous professional engagements, they will never get anything more than crowd-work, and little enough of that. Nothing was ever more deceptive than the "guinea-a-day" business. The crowds get their guinea a day all right, but they are only able to earn it twice a week at the outside.

So now you know.

J.H.—BLOOMSBURY: 39; 5 ft. 5½ in.; no film work; stage a little; mainly amateur work

J.D.—BRISTOL: Medium short hair; 23; 5 ft. 4 in.; musical comedy experience on the stage

G.O.—KENSINGTON: Leading character; extensive stage experience ("Payment Deferred")

B.C.—CLAPHAM: Working in film crowd; a distinct type for butler, head-waiter or family valet; between 45-50

H.M.—KENSINGTON: 34; 6 ft. 1¾ in.; dark brown eyes and hair; 12 st. 11 lb.; character actor; good voice

D.C.—BRIXTON: 60; 5 ft. 5 in.; character work on stage and screen; "Mr. Pickwick" and advertisement films

C.G.—BLOOMSBURY: Character actor; bluff old English type; blue eyes; grey hair

B.A.—KENNINGTON: Well-known music-hall actor of twenty years ago. Now old character parts; 65

R.R.—ISLINGTON: 30; 5 ft. 10 in.; stage and film experience; definite Latin type

CUMULUS CLOUD— FLEECY MASSES 9,000 ft. above the EARTH

The two pictures on this page were taken by Sir Alan Cobham during his most recent Imperial flight. This particular view was taken when the machine was flying in clear weather at 10,000 ft. over the Sudan. The cloud layer starts generally at some 2,500 ft. and the fleecy masses bank up into floating mountains of "cotton wool"—a colloquialism that has attained amongst aeronauts, if not amongst meteorologists, almost the dignity of a technical term—some 8,000 or 9,000 ft. high. One has to go in for "flying blind"—i.e. by compass—when flying above the clouds

CIRRUS CLOUD— LYING OVER "The MOUNTAINS of the MOON"

This picture was taken when Sir Alan Cobham was flying towards Uganda and nearing the Ruwenzori Range, poetically styled by Rider Haggard "The Mountains of the Moon." This range is invariably covered by cloud and mist. Sir Alan, however, took this picture from above cloud level—i.e. at 9,000 ft. The tiny ditch dimly seen in the right foreground, winding its way through narrow banks is, in reality, a river of respectable size running through a considerable gorge with steeply sloping sides

COLLISIONS

TWISTED METAL: The scene after the serious collision near Brentwood, Essex, when a small car charged a motor-coach head-on. Three passengers were killed at once, and a fourth died in hospital

SEVENTEEN WERE INJURED on the Harpenden Road, St. Alban's, a few days ago, when two motor-coaches crashed head-on. The drivers' cabs were shattered, but no fatalities supervened

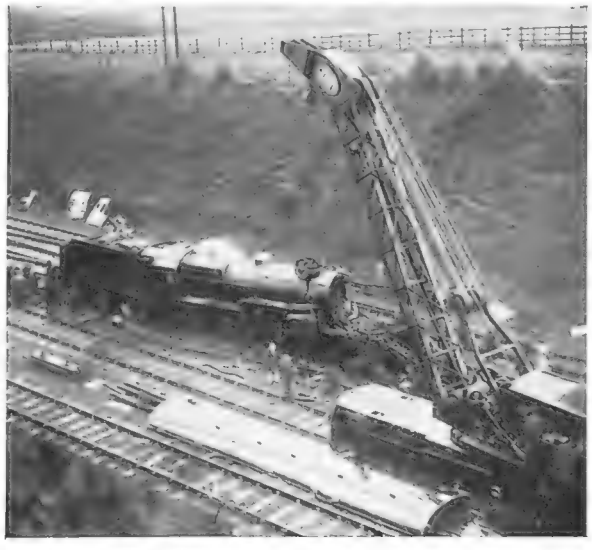
INEXTRICABLY INTERMINGLED: A motor-car and a motor-lorry interlocked after a broadside smash in Belfast, and though the car was a saloon, no glass broke, and only the wind-screen cracked

THE WRECK: The motor-car in which a driver tried to pass a stationary tramcar in Dublin—only to hit another tram behind. Both driver and passenger had miraculous escapes

CRASHES

DON'T HIT A 'PLANE WHEN IT'S DOWN! A curious accident occurred on Wimbledon Common when a damaged aeroplane was being towed along, and was hit by a car, which took away wheels and under carriage

AFTERMATH OF TRAGEDY: The wreckage of a single-seater fighting 'plane, which crashed and killed its pilot, Lieutenant A. Sucharitkul, a Siamese attached to the R.A.F., after a tail-spin over Cæsar's Camp, Folkestone



A CASUALTY-LESS ACCIDENT: The breakdown gang at work at Tring after a goods train crashed into a passenger train the moment the last passenger had alighted from it. Coaches were smashed to matchwood

STORMS

HEELING OVER IN THE WIND: S.S. *Deal* of London going through a tempestuous tossing when nearing Folkestone Harbour. This occurred in the 66 m.p.h. gale that visited Britain with November

DRIVEN ACROSS THE CHANNEL: The French three-master schooner, *St. Anne*, driven ashore at Porthleven, Cornwall. The crew were brought ashore by breeches buoy in torrential rain

FLOODS IN SOUTH WALES: Following the gale that roared across Britain last week a large section of South Wales was flooded. The Bridge Hotel, Abergavenny, was turned into something of an island

HIGH AND LOW (WATER!) LEVELS: The railway station at Mountain Ash near Aberdare, Glamorganshire, presented the amazing picture seen above after the heavy flooding that inundated South Wales after the heavy gale of last week. Both the upper and lower levels presented the appearance of rivers. South Wales suffered gravely from floods after the sudden storm which divided two sections of St. Luke's summer

A Liner for Bad Sailors: *The* Conte di Savoia, *a great liner of 48,000 tons gross, launched at Trieste and christened by Princess Marie José, the Crown Princess of Italy, is equipped with a device known as the Sperry Gyroscope which, it is said, eliminates sea-sickness*

The Tenth Anniversary of Fascism *was celebrated throughout Italy, but an especial gala was held at Naples. The word* Dux *in gigantic, flaming letters blazed from the slopes of Vesuvius, and the city, itself illuminated, was thronged with enthusiastic patriots*

French Interest in the British Election: *British election posters placarded in Paris immediately after the crushing National victory was reported. The interest of Jacques Bonhomme — and Mlle Bonnefemme — in the* affaires britanniques *was quite surprising*

The George Washington Memorial Bridge *in New York was dedicated last month. It spans the Hudson to the New Jersey shore. This picture shows the New York end of the bridge and shows the elaborate methods for diversion of traffic—as on the Continent—to the right*

Lady Drummond-Hay writes on The ... at

THE MYSTERY OF THE EAST.

—I am writing in an oasis of the vast Sahara. Before me, an endless vista of the great, tawny desert. Here, in the oasis, graceful palm trees moving gently under the blue sky and dazzling African sun. Dates and oranges are ripening, spots of brown and gold against the green. Overhead, within reach, hang clusters of luscious grapes and scarlet pomegranates. The great stillness is broken only by the buzz of winged insects, the soothing murmur and tinkle of water in the tiny, irrigating canal. It is good to leave the world for a few weeks. Not to enter a monastery or convent with its artificial calm and peace resting on hopes of another world to come, but to the cheery heart of Nature as one finds it in the Sahara, giving rest, health, peace of mind, serenity of soul, regaining of proper perspective, readjustment of values, and temporary freedom from the ills of a feverish modern civilization.

One of the greatest mysteries of the east remains to me the national and cultural deterioration of Arab civilization, from whose wells the Crusaders drew copiously to fertilize the Western Renaissance. Familiar as I am with the Moslem East, its nationalistic movements, efforts to recall and recapture the spirit of past glories, the successes of Mustapha Kemal and Ibn Saud, I marvel more every time I visit the lands of Arabs in subjection at their amazing past civilization lost to, or absorbed by, the West.

Not only do we owe our Christian religion to the East, but the bases of all our vaunted modern science. The Arabs evolved the mariner's compass, built canals and irrigation systems, mastered the silk, paper, porcelain, and dyeing industries. They tempered steel into some of the most famous swords in history. Professor Bayard Dodge, in an article I am just reading, recalls that in Iraq the Arab scholars not only translated the works of Greek and Indian authors, but by their own efforts made great contributions to knowledge. They made calculations concerning the movements of the astral bodies, equinoxes, eclipses, comets, lunar altitudes, the size of the earth, and optics. Scholars of Bagdad developed algebra through quadratic equations, and worked on spherical trigonometry. Al-Kindi wrote two hundred books on mathematics and astronomy. Abu-al-Hassan invented a telescope. In Cairo, Ibn Yunus invented the pendulum, Al-Hazn discovered atmospheric refraction, fixed the retina as the seat of vision, and made many experiments in optics. Jabir-ibn-Afiah built the Giralda Tower in Seville as the first astronomical observatory of Europe. Abu-Musa Jabir was the father of chemistry. Al-Damiri wrote on zoology. Ibn-Rushd, or Averroes, emancipated scholastic theologians by his daring and learning.

The Crusaders set forth to seize the Holy Land, but instead they acquired an advanced culture from the Orient which awakened Europe. Since then Christian Europe has created a new world of mechanical industry, subjecting the East dazzled by the inventions, and lured by the luxury of the West.

THE NEW GOVERNMENT.—

The National Government—another name to-day for Conservative Government—has come into power with a majority, leaving no doubt as to the sentiment of the country. British women voters, who outnumber the men by some two million, registered their disappointment in the Labour Government and expressed their confidence in the Conservative regime to which they owe their enfranchisement. The vote of the women at this election justified the judgment and vindicated the action, much criticized at the time, of Mr. Stanley Baldwin and his Government, in giving them the electoral franchise.

"Great Expectations" of the Empire confront the new National Government. It has been given a popular mandate of exceptional scope, with some general directives implied or open as to national policies to be pursued. The path is clear for the new Government. An absolute majority, a big one, assures Parliamentary backing for practically every measure. We shall soon know how far these expectations, and the happy election predictions, are realizable.

If this is a National Government in the true sense of the term, the defeated and disappointed should unite with the victors in bringing Britain out of the situation in which we find ourselves at home and abroad. Differ as people may regarding the paths leading to the goal of common welfare, all are for Britain.

No British Government since the end of the War has faced a more difficult task. This fact must be realized and taken into consideration. Obviously no miracle can be expected. But common-sense-wisdom in our economics, national and international affairs, should soon become apparent.

The election revealed that the country, following the experience of the last two years, has in these troublous times more confidence, feels safer and happier in the hands of a Conservative National Government than under a Labour regime. That confidence and feeling must find justification in the policies and measures of the new government, as well as in its own unity and harmonious working together.

Whether to re-stabilize the pound on a gold basis—when, at what figure or value? Tariffs for revenue? Unemployment? Stimulating our export trade? Is it worth while to regain our former prestige in the League of Nations? Our attitude at the coming Disarmament Conference? These are some of the most vital national questions calling for solution during the next weeks and months. The election has raised new question marks in the mind of India and Egypt. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, as Prime Minister again, will give assurance to the United States that there will be no change in cordial co-operation between the two powers.

Every Briton has the right to demand the new government to put a stop to "muddling through." We are rather proud of "muddling through somehow." It has become something of a national slogan. But what would be the status of a business man content to muddle *vis-à-vis* his bank and customers? Of a business *vis-à-vis* its shareholders? Would a

A Student Guard of Honour *The G.O.M. of Germany is devoutly Dreifaltigkeit Church of Berlin on All "Old Heidelberg" days, dressed in bearing heavy German dueling*

WORLD

Large

parent, from son or daughter on the threshold of life, admit a slothful indecision to "muddle through" the years? In each case the muddling would be a shameful and culpable abuse of trust and responsibility. In the last analysis it is the mental refuge of a lazy, lethargic mind either too indifferent or too superficial to give the problems of the day real thought and quite willing to shift responsibility vaguely somehow on to a still vaguer somebody. Nationally it could be taken to imply a confidence in the government. But that impression of confidence is frequently belied by the fierce, often unreasoned criticism of the acts of the government.

England must stop muddling. In the bitter, hard race to maintain our national prestige and power, our commerce and our foreign trade, we are forced to compete with nations who are not muddling but thoughtfully planning. France is not muddling, neither are Japan, Russia, nor Italy. Germany is muddling, but only in politics. Her export figures tell another story. We affect to despise or pity the nations who muddle, but remain fatuously content to be of their number.

The new National Government has a great task, a vast responsibility. But looming higher than either—an opportunity.

for President von Hindenburg: *religious and he attended service at the Saints' Day. Students, reminiscent of the pill-box hats, sashes and top boots, and sabres, formed his Guard of Honour*

A JUDICIAL DILEMMA.

Solomon in all his wisdom probably never had a more curious case to decide than one recently before a judge in Bratislava, Slovakia. A billygoat, at the conclusion of its sale, swallowed the purchase money. With whom should the goat remain—buyer or seller?

Marie Varga, a peasant living in the village of Ipolynek, near Bratislava, took the goat to market and sold it. Goat and note were exchanging hands when the goat made a dive at the fluttering paper, and gulped it down. The woman refused to part with the goat, leaving the purchaser with nothing for his vanished note. Onlookers took sides, and a general fight ensued, ended by police intervention. The controversy was submitted to a local judge, who decreed that the goat should be left with the police. They eventually succeeded in coaxing or frightening the note out of the goat. Despite its Jonah-like adventures the bank-note was accepted by the local branch of the Czecho-slovak National Bank, and the goat released to its new owner.

THE WIND TEMPERED TO THE SHORN LAMBS.

—"When Winter Comes" all Europe shivers in anticipation. Serried ranks of the unemployed and desperate in every country except perhaps France, already lightly lashed by advance winds heralding bitter gales ahead, are closing up in sullen hopelessness. They suffer alone, but march in procession. They weep in silence, but curse in unison. Their bodies, weary or starved as they may be, will outlast their souls. And therein lies the danger to each individual state. Government, taxpayer, organized charity and philanthropist, have already evidenced a sincere desire to mitigate hardship and to help. No less than duty to one's fellow-beings, it is true, but a greater duty to civilization, since the wolf stalking these cheerless doors to-day is but a scout of the revolutionary, communistic pack waiting easier prey in the soul-sick and broken.

The "unemployed" is not merely an army of labourers unhired, bricklayers with empty trowels, mechanics and industrial workers before cold engines, idle plant or still looms. The army includes the intelligentsia, creative workers, artists, musicians, and others blending inspiration with soul-force, high education with the power to lead or lure — constructive assets to the morale of a nation, or destructive elements in a distorted cause.

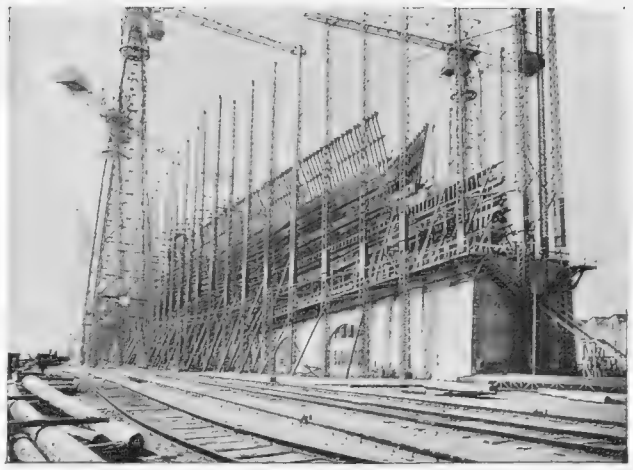
Britain continues to lead the way in caring for her nationals and citizens. The world, however, is only now beginning to realize that the "demoralization" of unemployment connected with the receiving of financial relief is very little compared with that of enforced idleness, lack of channels for and reaction of self-expression.

To help those unemployed "who suffer from the spiritual, intellectual need even more than from want of food and clothing," an association has been formed in Germany.

Frau Hammer, daughter of the former German Foreign Minister, Simon, later President of the Supreme Court, and wife of the famous pilot, Fritz Hammer, who recently piloted the giant *Do. X* across the Atlantic, details plans of the headquarters in Berlin.

"We are getting a huge flat that is standing empty, rent-free and heated, gas and light free from the town. We have pretty furniture from a summer restaurant that does not need its tables and chairs in the winter. I have hundreds of pounds of coffee, cocoa, and sugar given to me from Brazil. We get bread and cake from the day before, salads, etc. that remain unused in restaurants for nothing or next to nothing. People lend us cups and pans, sewing-machines, typewriters, and flat-irons. We will use one room as a sort of café with radio-music. The next room is to be quiet for reading and writing, the next will serve unemployed musicians, actors and other artistes to play, read, and recite to a public that will give them back the echo necessary to every artistic soul. In the smaller rooms, unemployed teachers and business people will give courses in shorthand or languages, typewriting, etc., to the unemployed who want to use the terrible time of waiting to broaden their basis of useful knowledge. Women will have an opportunity of mending and ironing their clothes, and those of the men who care to bring along their things that need mending. Unemployed will distribute food and drink, unemployed will wash the cups and sweep the floors. A few women only of our association will be present—without anybody knowing whether we are unemployed or not—just to play the hostess, to get people to talk together, to find their mutual interests, and to keep things going in a friendly manner."

Frau Hammer, a woman of unusual depth of character, ability, and observation, had pledged herself to this winter's work before her pilot-husband found himself obliged to return to Brazil. She writes me that she "cannot desert the people who are trusting to my help. I am, as a woman, doubly sensitive to the possible charge of being unreliable because I am 'only a woman.'" She is also organizing the German branch of Mr. Evelyn Wrench's "All People's Association"—A.P.A., of which Doctor Hugo Eckener has accepted the presidency.



France's Bid for Atlantic Honours: *The super-vessel now under construction at the docks of St. Nazaire. Work has been in progress for nearly a year, but, despite intensive effort, she will not be ready until the summer of '34. Her passenger capacity is 2,000; her length over 1,000 ft. She will be equipped with a chapel, a hospital, gardens and a theatre*

Labour Trouble in America: *Boston has not escaped serious Red demonstrations. A mass meeting attempted to storm the room in which the State Board was sitting in connection with a mill strike, but was forcibly moved on by the police*

Treasure Trove: *French and Belgian historians believe that a stupendous treasure, amounting to about a million sterling, was buried in the tenth century in the vaults of an abbey at Hertain. The vaults are covered with a beet-field, now being torn up*

Calling by Bugle for Old Clothes: *In preparation for the coming winter, a campaign has been inaugurated in Berlin by the Reichswehr, detachments of whom tour the city collecting old clothes for the indigent of the slums. Collecting wagons follow a party of buglers, who sound a now well-known fanfare*

PYRAMIDS OF ICE: These are caused by one glacier carrying on its back a second glacier, emanating from one side. When the speeds of the two glaciers differ, there is not sufficient ice to cover the lower one. The ice becomes progressively thinner until only the pyramids are left

THE HEADSTONE OF A VANISHED KING: Visser's caravan passes through a *stupa*, or sepulchral monument on a grave. This notable explorer was fortunate in commanding the services of both the British and other Governments. In Turkestan seventy yaks were placed at his disposal to replace the ponies which were useless late in the season. The gravest trouble to the expedition came from the coolies, whose fatalism involved heroic measures

DESOLATION: A long-distance view of the chain of mountains between Aghil and Karakoram. So difficult is it to estimate distance at great heights that Visser sent his coolies a "two minutes' ride" to fetch water —and it took them two and three-quarter hours on ponies to reach the lake!

The Dutch explorer, P. C. Visser, Attaché to the Dutch Legation at Stockholm, but who is more famous as an extremely eminent meteorologist and geologist, has just returned from his third and most successful expedition to Karakoram, in the gigantic lateral range to the north-west of Himalaya.

Visser had already undertaken a few years ago, two expeditions on a smaller scale to Karakoram, without, however, having been able to penetrate so far as during his last trip, which has occupied a year and a half and brought him into unknown valleys and gorges, to unknown glaciers and mountains reaching a height of 22,750 ft. which have never been climbed before. His main interest is glaciology, and he has made astounding discoveries in this particular subject.

Visser was accompanied by the well-known Swiss geologist and Alpinist, Dr. Wyss, and by the highly experienced Swiss guide, Lochmatter. In addition, the English Government placed at his disposal an Indian giodetist, who measured and mapped these hitherto unknown territories. In fact, the English Government showed the greatest interest in the Visser Expedition. The Karakoram forms the northerly point of British India, and cuts off the latter from Chinese Turkestan and the Pamir.

THE BROTHER OF HIMALAYA

The Amazing Achievement of the Dutch Expedition, Headed by P. C. Visser, to the Glacier-Bounded Hinterland of Karakoram

By DR. A. LANG

Mrs. Visser also accompanied this extraordinarily fatiguing expedition.

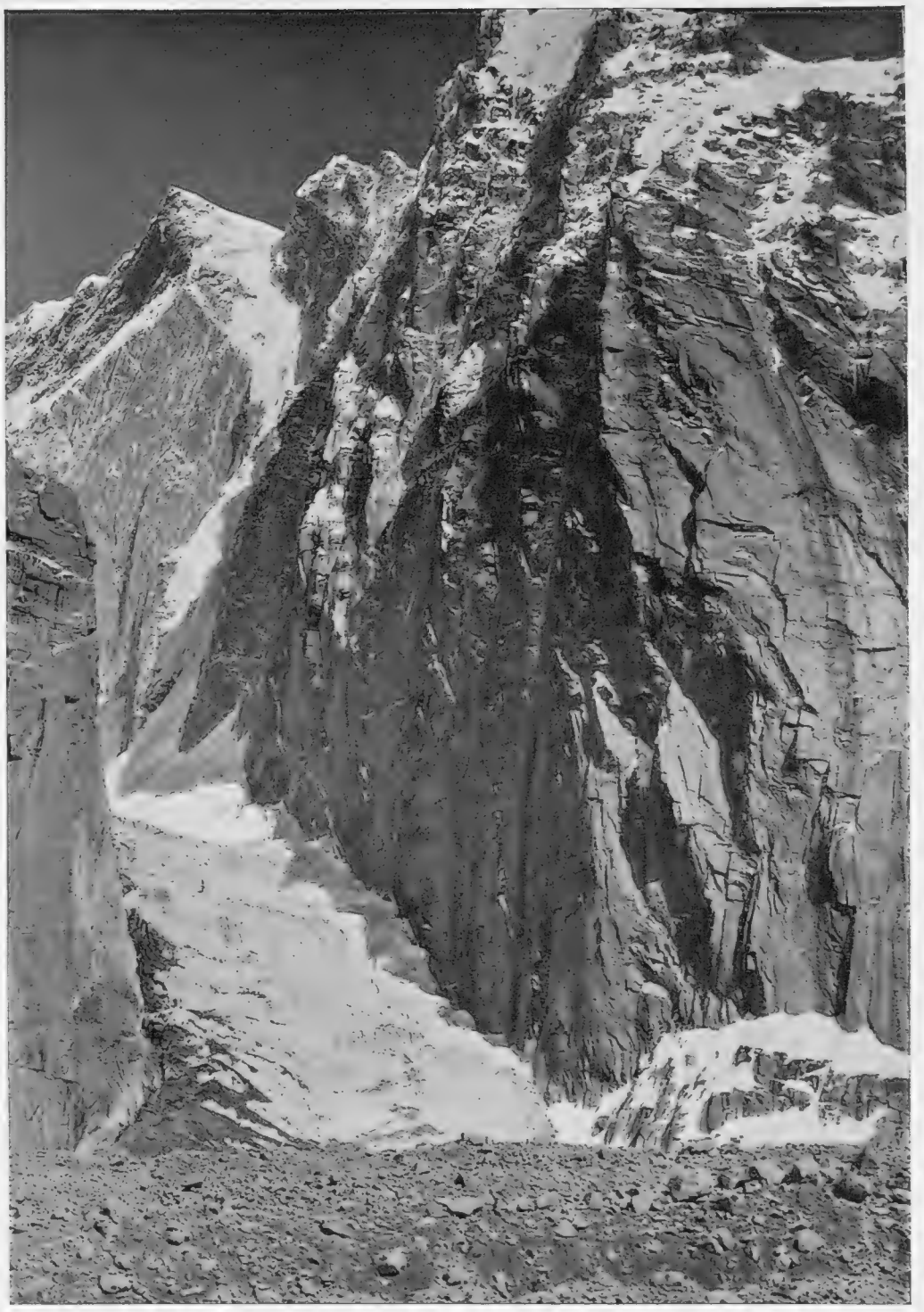
Visser's greatest difficulty consisted in carrying sufficient provisions. At times he had over seventy coolies and 140 ponies with him. The coolies caused Visser the greatest trouble, and in fact also to other expeditions in this territory. In difficult situations it was impossible to rely on them. On the return journey over the Karakoram, with a temperature of more than 54 deg. below zero, when the ponies with their heavy loads repeatedly fell in the snow, the coolies threw themselves crying into the snow, and would have died a miserable death if Visser had not energetically compelled them to continue the march.

Visser started from British India, and even at the start of the expedition a very important discovery was made. The expedition reached a gigantic valley in the midst of which lay the dried-up bed of a large river. Farther up the valley, Visser found that an enormous glacier had cut off the valley, and that behind this glacier lay a dammed-up lake of fifteen miles in length.

About every thirty or forty years, the water breaks through the glacier, and this causes the huge floods in the valley of the Ganges.

In addition, the expedition discovered gigantic new glaciers some of which were remarkable for their extremely strange forms. On a large glacier, Visser saw remarkable pyramids of ice which were much whiter than the ice of the boulder-covered glacier beneath, and the origin of which could not hitherto be explained. Glaciologists formerly assumed that two glaciers which meet in a valley continue their course beside each other.

According to Visser's discovery, the farther course of the two glaciers may take place in a totally different manner. In the case of the glacier in question, for instance, a smaller glacier emanating from a higher side valley, meets another glacier, which carries the first glacier with it on its back down to the valley. As the side glacier, however, moves more slowly, its masses of ice are not sufficient to cover the glacier lying beneath. It becomes constantly thinner and more distended, and finally only these remarkable pyramids are left.



ROCK AND ICE: A glimpse of the *terra incognita* of the Karakoram, now *terra cognita*. The glacier on the left is not so dazzlingly white as that of the ice pyramids as it lies over rock. The desolation and grandeur of the district rival those of the Himalaya itself

THE LEADER SALUTED: Mynheer P. C. Visser leaving the residence of the Chinese Governor at Kashgar, Chinese Turkestan. He subsequently went to Peiping, where Sven Hedin showed great interest in his expedition. ON LEFT is a close-up view of the highest peak in the central Karakoram—well over 20,000 ft. ON RIGHT Frau Visser, who accompanied the expedition and penetrated farther into the unknown country than any other member of her sex, mounted on a yak. The heroism shown by this lady cannot be over-praised

BOOKS—

The Village Blacksmith's Excellent Taste; An Ultra-Frank German Novel and an Equally Frank German Autobiography

By CECIL ROBERTS

Four hundred feet above my country cottage there is a village green such as Mr. Sheriff might choose for a play. That is, it is typically English; it stands, with roast beef, *Rule Britannia* and the weekly copy of *Punch*, for the American's idea of our civilization, before he discovers that it consists of cinemas, petrol stations, George Bernard Shaw, cold bedrooms, and red pillar boxes with V.R., E.R. or G.R. on them. On that village green there is everything that a scene-painter at Drury Lane would put on it. It has a church, a vicar, a vicar's brother (all vicars have brothers who are put to work in the garden on week-days and at the organ on Sundays), a parish room, a communal well, some cottages and a blacksmith's shop. The blacksmith retired many years ago but his smithy still stands, empty, soundless, with a rusty bellows and a dusty bench.

The blacksmith is eighty-five, his apple-cheeked wife is seventy-seven. The blacksmith was the village bellringer for fifty years. At the age of twenty, in the last week of the war, his only son was killed outside Cambrai. His photograph stands on the sideboard, framed in the last work of the blacksmith, a bit of fancy ironwork with his son's initials and that of his regiment.

This old couple live in a little rose-embowered cottage whose southern window looks over russet woods to the grey wraith of Windsor Castle. Their village still has a squire, with numerous ancestors immortalized in alabaster. The old blacksmith invites you into his cottage with the dignity of a bishop, and dressed rather like one in neatest black. The little wife invites you to drink a glass of home-made wine. And when you accept the invitation to sit by the hob fire, they depose from the cushioned arm-chair the largest black cat I have ever seen in my life.

I am terrified that one day they will be taken to America as British exhibits, or that some improving person will move them into a damp-proof cottage and kill them. Somehow, they have survived with great dignity and happiness. They live on their old-age pension and believe in the King and the aristocracy, were prepared to accept a cut in their pensions if it would help the nation, and ask for nothing but to be united in their deaths. They have grown thus in beauty, wisdom, happiness and seclusion within forty miles of London. Not even the motor omnibus has found them.

Nothing will drag from me where they live. They are my pet exhibits. But what has this to do with this page. It has quite a lot. Once a week I mount the steep hill from my valley to their common. I carry with me in a leash the weekly supply of books. They are great readers. What is much more rare, they are fastidious and have a cultivated taste. That is the trouble. Of this week's array of fiction what could I select? The candidates stand on my desk. Here they are:

Alexanderplatz, by Alfred Doblin, Secker, 8s. 6d. *Robin and Robina*, by Lesley Storm, Cassell, 7s. 6d. *The Right Honourable*, by Oliver Madox Hueffer, Benn, 7s. 6d. *Full Stop*, by Cicely Hamilton, Dent 6s. *Dorothy's Wedding*, by Ethel Sidgwick, Sidgwick and Jackson, 7s. 6d. *The Golden Years*, by Sir Philip Gibbs, Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.

AN AUTHOR OF DISTINCTION: Mr. William A. Bruce, whose new book, *The Treasure of the Selvagens*, bids fair to be a distinct success *Hughes*

I did not expect *Alexanderplatz* would get into my batch. Mr. Martin Secker is a young man's publisher. He has a keen eye for the ultra-modern, for the unusual, for the revolutionaries of the literary world. This enormous book, whose success in Germany sounds like an avalanche, is the study of an ex-criminal who goes to live in the famous square that divides the Berlin underworld from the rest of the city. There are nearly two hundred thousand words, and scarcely a sentence that our grandfathers would accept as literate. The kinema, the gramophone, and the radio have contributed their flickering, scratching, adenoidal qualities. Mr. James Joyce has supplied the rest. There was a time when Mr. Joyce had significance. *Ulysses* marked the frontier between a literary revolution and cerebral inflammation. It led us nowhere at all. It led Mr. James Joyce nowhere. He has neither founded a school nor a reputation. *Ulysses* remains a freak, still a prisoner with Circe's brutes.

Herr Doblin is a desperate disciple. He is less kinematographic, less pornographic, but like his master he keeps in the underworld, whether of garments or psychology. This is raw life. It is more than raw life. It is a doctor's clinic without the anæsthetic. There will be wild words about its grand sweep, its power, its omniscience, its courage. All this, perhaps. But the first duty of an author is to be readable. I find *Alexanderplatz* quite unreadable. The mind will struggle through a page of this impregnable prose. Then one falls back exhausted. One might as well attempt to climb the Matterhorn in bedroom slippers. But the Matterhorn. Yes, you can keep that stark, unsociable simile.

In the midst of a rape there is a page on the function of the glands. When a man knocks out a woman —"what happened to the woman's diaphragm involves the laws of society, elasticity, shock, and resistance," we are told, and are given an algebraic formula. Perhaps a person completely devoid of humour might take ten pages of this book seriously. Herr Doblin has not a vestige of humour. He is our German friend again who wrote an immense treatise on the loves of the elephant. Do I miss the true significance of this great work. Here is a typical passage:

"A young girl gets out of the 99, Mariendorf, Lichtender Chausee, Tempelhof, Hallesches Tor, Hedwigskirche, Rosenthaler Platz, Badstrasse, Seestrasse, at the corner of Togostrasse, during the night of Saturday to Sunday continuous service between the Uferstrasse and Tempelhof, Friedrich–Karl Strasse, at intervals of fifteen minutes."

It would seem no novelist can hope for greatness without the complete service of the London Omnibus Company. Well, I shall not take this book up to the village green. But as a curiosity I may keep it for my old age.

I like Robin and Robina. They were a bright pair. They complained that in our present state of organized society young people without homes have only the cinema-palaces for tender moments, and there, despite the gradual illumination, the pictures do interfere with the deep silences of love, even more so these "talkie" days. Then, on the doorstep of a boarding-house, Robin, caught kissing Robina, drew down the ire of the landlady. So he took Robina to an hotel, and quite properly left her there. In great wrath, with no money, they secretly married, and spent the honeymoon in a tent. I could imagine nothing more awful. The rain and the dew damped their ardour, so they migrated to an hotel where a horrible Paul Pry saw them and carried the news to Robin's parents. Mother's chief grievance seemed to be that she was cheated of the excitement of a wedding, but since the first was in a registry office there was nothing to prevent a second in church. So mother had her excitement, and half-a-dozen bridesmaids with her. And the bride and bridegroom hid their boredom. Mr. Lesley Storm tells his story wittily and skilfully. His young people are full of energy and humour. His book will go to the village blacksmith.

The death of Mr. Oliver Madox Hueffer, a brilliant young member of a brilliant family, has deprived us of a novelist and writer of much originality. He made the poor Londoner his

(*Continued on p.* 292)

SPECIALLY SELECTED

"Humorous Tales," by Rudyard Kipling. (Macmillan. 10s. 6d. net.) Thirty of the best, illustrated by Reginald Cleaver.

"Endless Story," by Taffrail. (Hodder and Stoughton. 21s. net.) Illustrated. The work of destroyers and patrol boats in the War.

"Cranmer," by Hilaire Belloc. (Cassell. 15s. net.)

"A Game Warden Among His Charges," by Captain Pitman, D.S.O. (Nisbet. 16s. net.) Wild life in Uganda.

"Circus," by Paul Eipper. (Routledge. 10s. 6d. net.) Finely illustrated, the life of the circus.

"Reginald Kennedy-Cox." (Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d. net.) A Dockland autobiography.

"The Sculptor Speaks." (Heinemann. 8s. 6d. net.) Epstein talks to A. L. Hasnell about his work.

THERE'S ALWAYS—

The delightful play *There's Always Juliet* by John Van Druten, which is packing the Apollo Theatre, might with truth be re-titled *There's Always Edna and Herbert*, for the play hinges upon the delightful personalities and the brilliant technique of the two leads. The cast contains

EDNA AND HERBERT

but four characters, the scene does not change; the story is of the slightest: but the wit and humour of the dialogue and the charm of the actors render the production one of the most enjoyable and artistic *soufflés* of affection London has seen for a long time

—PLAYS

"Ruritania" at the St. Martin's: "Lunacy" at the Criterion

By PHILIP PAGE

A FINE PERFORMANCE: Mr. Martin Walker, whose portrayal of the alcoholic but charming consul in "The Painted Veil" at the Playhouse is a splendid piece of work

The stage just now is more than ever a question of royalties, for the kings and queens have come back. In mid-Victorian days the tragedy-queens actually did play queens—and, I will warrant, with much unnatural pomposity. When Pinero drew Mr. and Mrs. Telfer in *Trelawney of the 'Wells,'* he knew what he was about: that couple of "pros" of the period sighed for "something to get our teeth into," by which they meant that they liked to stalk the stage as puppet royalties, mouthing out well-balanced and wholly artificial sentences much after the style of John Philip Kemble. I am as strongly convinced that John Philip Kemble was a bad actor as I am that David Garrick was an extremely good one.

With the 'nineties, stage royalties (I exclude the kings in Shakespeare and the demon kings of pantomime) modified themselves into something very handsome and romantic but just as remote from real life. We were transplanted to the realms of Ruritania. Svelte and lovely princesses had misunderstandings with tall and graceful princes in white uniforms of much gorgeousness. Elderly chamberlains—trusted and lovable—bowed their way in and out of plots of ineffable inanity.

Ruritania naturally became musical, and Mr. Bertram Wallis ascended the throne of Cadonia. This was much more tolerable. A Ruritanian musical-comedy is quite good fun so long as it does not take itself too seriously. But this fashion died, too. Musical-comedy kings and queens were hustled off the stage by American jazz shows, by platoons of snappy dancers, by pep, by

"THERES ALWAYS JULIET"

A Comedy by
John van Druten

Leonora Perrycoste	EDNA BEST
Dwight Houston	HERBERT MARSHALL
Florence	May Whitty
Peter Walmsley	Cyril Raymond

Act 1—The Perrycoste Flat
Act 2—The Perrycoste Flat
Act 3—The Perrycoste Flat

"nifties," by wise-cracks, and the rest of the paraphernalia of those who imagine that so long as there is a noise nothing else matters.

But the kings and queens have now returned in what I imagine to be more realistic form. I say "imagine," since I have never yet met a real king or queen and do not pretend to know in the least how they behave. But I find stage royalty of the nineteen-thirties plausible, if a trifle fantastic. Bernard Shaw started the fashion in *The Apple Cart*, which showed us a king with humour and common-sense. Mr. Barry Jones in *The Queen's Husband* is a king on the same lines. And then we come to King Yovan in *Lady-in-Waiting*.

I found this new piece at the St. Martin's Theatre an agreeable entertainment in spite of the fact that it is based on a central idea that is quite preposterous. We are asked to believe that because a journalist takes a pretty girl he is rather fond of for a drive in one of the royal cars—never mind how or why he came to do this, but do it he did—the girl is at once considered by everyone in the whole capital, including her own father and mother, to be the king's mistress. That is absurdity number one.

Even more absurd is the supposition that the girl, who seemed to me a sensible and decent creature, without any ambitions about her, should not only acquiesce in this, but should have a flat furnished for her by a man she does not love, should undergo all sorts of embarrassment rather than tell even her mother the truth, should go on the stage (which bores her), and should make an immediate success in the leading part.

Subsequent development brings us to scenes of sheer imbecility. The girl actually falls in love with King Yovan, whom she has never met. And when he enters in the last act, in a nice green uniform covered with epaulettes and medals and things, and finds that she has been lying hard for months to his own great detriment (for a king publicly to be associated with a mistress is a dangerous game these days), he does not tell her that she is a deceitful and scheming little baggage (or order one of his equerries to do so), but wipes her eyes, tells her that he loves her, and leads her out into the moonlight with her head against one of his epaulettes. The piece has a Hungarian origin. Perhaps they did that sort of thing in Hungary. And perhaps that is why Hungary is now without a king.

None the less, Captain Harry Graham has translated this balderdash cleverly; there are some fairly amusing scenes, and the acting is consistently excellent. In the case of Miss Leonora Corbett it is full of brilliant promise. I hope Miss Corbett will not allow her pretty head to be turned by all the nice things that have been said about her, most of which she has fully deserved. The truth is, she has still many things to learn. But she is obviously full of talent, is quite unaffected, moves and speaks well, and uses her brains without letting the audience *hear* them working. The number of intelligent young actresses who have spoiled their chances by letting it be seen every moment how very clever they are is prodigious.

Mr. Robert Donat made the king quite human, and considering the position in which the author placed that unfortunate monarch, the achievement is laudable. Mr. Cecil Parker played a journalist who was also a "careerist" with easy charm, Mr. Aubrey Mather was amusing as an accommodating father. An excellent young actor is Mr. André van Gyseghem. The main reason why I beseech him to change his name is that, since he is bound to be in demand, I shall frequently have to write it—and I am a busy man.

We have seen so many films showing us the heroic exploits of foreign sailors and airmen, that it is good to find the public reminded that Englishmen have also gone down to the sea in ships and up into the air in aeroplanes, and that pluck is not a monopoly of the other side of the Atlantic.

I have just seen *Such Men as These*, a British "talkie" of a submarine adventure. The incident in real life on which it is obviously based is not, I believe, allowed to be mentioned in connection with this film. But the picture of the men trapped at the bottom of the sea gives the clue. The film is finely produced and finely acted. It is no mere "thriller," but a record of true heroism which should be seen everywhere.

A firm conviction that madness is not a fit subject for farcical treatment marred my enjoyment of the new production at the Criterion Theatre. *Make Up Your Mind* was, until one of the characters went out of his, an entertaining piece of improbability; but then rot of another type set in. However, as some millions of people have laughed at the polite lunatic in *The Belle of New York*, some thousands may find fun in the sight of a man who has lost his reason being led off the stage by his keeper. If that is amusing, so is the last scene of Ibsen's *Ghosts* and so is the whole of *Hamlet*.

Possibly this is a steam-hammer method of dealing with an unpretentious play. But if, as the result of it, the mental section could be eliminated there would be a better chance of success.

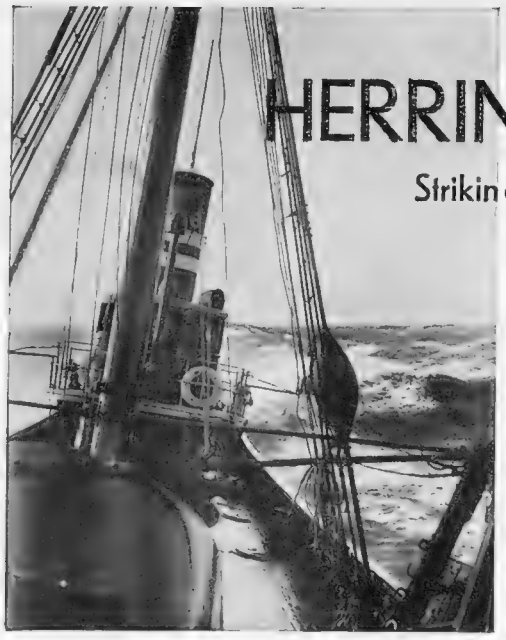
Multi-millionaires are, it seems, uncomfortable people to entertain in a small middle-class house. I should imagine that a man with a name like Balthazar McConochie would be most uncomfortable to entertain anywhere. He was very rich, he had a very loud voice, and he told his host's family and friends that they were all wrong about everything. I fear I would have spotted him as a bluff at once, but the author's surprise is that he turned out not to be a bluff after all. He invested their money in his own companies, advised them about their love affairs, and supervised and domineered generally. Yet he was right.

For a time they thought him mad, because a mental specialist told them he was. But it was the mental specialist who was mad and collected pins, which I have always been told is a sign not of lunacy but of thrift.

Mr. Baliol Holloway played Balthazar on the lines of Pistol. So identified with Shakespeare is Mr. Holloway, that he does not seem at home in a pair of white flannel trousers; I expected him at any moment to take off his coat, fling it across one shoulder in cloak fashion, and produce a rapier from somewhere. He did well, but it is a fantastic part rather than a funny one. Mr. Reginald Gardiner had a number of facetious lines to say, and was most diverting when discussing some play he was supposed to have written. One day, I hope, Mr. Hubert Harben, admirable actor, will be given a chance to appear in a part that does not need merely a display of pompous stupidity. Miss Mercia Swinburne is so devastatingly lovely to look upon, has such a neat sense of humour, and is such an accomplished actress that I marvel that dramatists do not come to her on bended knees with their plays. Perhaps they do, and the plays are not good enough.

HERRING—THE ENGLISH FISH

Striking Studies of the Fishing Fleet in the Fierce North Sea and the Dock



Making heavy weather, this trawler is ploughing through a howling sou'-wester to the Great Fisher Bank. Weather makes no matter to the fisher fleet despite their small vessels

A typical skipper of the North Sea, his hand steady on the controls, gazes across the leaden horizon in thick weather. The power of his face is very typical of his class

Dropping the trawl overboard is a task performed only when the boat has arrived on the fishing grounds. Were it dropped earlier, it would, doubtless, be filled with fish for which there is no market

The skipper lends a hand in mending the nets, which in rough weather—or when a porpoise gets caught—get torn to shreds and, on occasion, have to be cut away

Herrings can be reckoned the most British of all fish, and lives and happiness of hundreds of our fisherfolk depend upon the disposal of the herring catch. It will probably come as a surprise to many to know that 80 per cent. of the herrings which are landed in this country are pickled and sent abroad. Now, owing to the difficulty of foreign complications with foreign markets, certain of our greatest consumers have been cut off.

If it were possible for every man, woman, and child to eat one herring a week every week of the year it would not be necessary to export any herrings, but unfortunately this would not be possible even if everyone decided to do so, because herrings are only caught at certain times of the year, and then they come in big gluts.

When herrings are plentiful, special herring weeks are arranged in many retail shops and herrings are on sale at 1d. each and seven for 6d., but in practice it is found that when this special opportunity of obtaining such good food at bargain prices is offered to the public, people will not take advantage of it. On the other hand, we are constantly seeing letters in the press received from residents in Brixton or Pimlico saying that they have paid 6d. a lb. for herrings, and they go quite wild with indignation about it.

Now, for example, herrings are plentiful, for the Yarmouth season is on, but the opportunity will last only until the end of this month, after which no more Yarmouth herrings will be available—even at £1 each.

Some herrings are generally obtainable all the year round, but except when the drifters are at sea a certain amount of these herrings are caught in the trawlers.

A week ago it was arranged to have a herring week in a very large number of retail fishshops when herrings were plentiful. As soon as the announcement was made, the elements stepped in, storms arose in the seas and the drifters could not go out, and it was impossible to obtain at any price the herrings which it had been hoped to offer.

The public must therefore realize that they must take the opportunity when fish is plentiful to assist the British fisherman. If they delay, the opportunity will be lost and they may have to pay four or five times as much for the same article in two or three days.

Drifters—the boats which specialize in herring fishing are not trawlers—are smallish vessels, some 90 ft. in length with a mean speed of 9-10 knots. The nets employed, sustained near the surface with cork floats, from which they depend like a tennis net, are 102 ft. by 39 ft.—the reticulation being 1 in. The fish, swimming along, are caught in the mesh by the gills.

Dawn is zero hour for hauling the nets over the ship's side into the hold. Samples are submitted ashore and the catch is then sold by auction at so much per cran—*i.e.*, 28 stone holding anything from 900-1,400 fish. The season runs southward—from the Shetlands in June to Lowestoft in November.

A small portion of the gigantic Yarmouth fishing fleet was held up outside the harbour awaiting the signal—the lowering of the cones from the flag-staff—to enter port. Congestion at the fish wharf was responsible for the delay. The sky was black with the accumulated smoke

Each member of the Great Yarmouth fishing fleet comes back to harbour with its catch. Here the cone on the flag-staff, seen in the top picture, has been lowered, signalling to the boats that they may come in through the narrow opening. The craft seem very frail to face the North Sea gales

On the day of a glut, furious activity takes place at Yarmouth. This view shows the scene of loading the catch on to lorries bound for the smoke-holes and curing yards after being sold by auction to various quayside buyers. The price may vary from day to day from 10s. per cran (28 stone) to £5

Herrings are packed for export in barrels. The fish are laid by hand between layers of salt. Brine is then poured in through the bung-hole. Germany, Poland, and Russia are our best customers for pickled herring. The transport of herrings is sometimes more expensive than the actual cost of the fish

The JUMPING CAMELS of TRANS-JORDAN

Unique pictures of the Sport Invented by the Transjordan Frontier Force

That horses do not jump naturally has been proved. They will die of thirst in sight of water by Australian water-holes rather than leap the low railings built to preserve it for the sheep. Horses can be taught to jump, so why not camels?

This argument may have presented itself to two young officers of the camel corps division of the Transjordan Frontier Force, who forthwith put up hurdles and furze for the instruction of their naggers (naggers, or female camels, like all females, being of a more equable and persevering temperament than males).

They took kindly, however, to this new form of activity as did their native *syces*.

After considerable training 3 ft. 6 in. had been cleared. Good though this was, it was eventually surpassed by one nagger which reached the amazing height of 4 ft.

The jumping instruction was on the same lines as that used in the case of horses. It began with the use of a single long rope, and very low wooden rail, over which the camels were lunged.

The CATAMARANS of the INDIAN SEABOARD

The Fragile Craft in which Native Fishermen Brave the Monsoon

Up and down the coasts of the sub-Continent of India, the native fisherman plies his trade all the year round. Like all seafaring men he is simple and stout-hearted and his needs are few. This fact may be gauged from his "boat," which consists of a few logs of wood tied together—on which he sits awash throughout the long blistering day—going out some three or four miles off shore. This boat, little more than a raft, is called a catamaran—from the Tamil, Khatta=Tied, Maran=Wood. The fisherman's equipment consists of a paddle for deep water, his "lines," and a bamboo pole with which to navigate the surf. The precision and good judgment required to time and ride successfully the huge thundering rollers are lessons taught from infancy and bred of years of practice.

The pictures show, from the top: launching; struggling through surf; well away; circumventing the first breaker; and hauling in the net after work in a *Masula* boat seen in the background. E. L. S.

A symptom of the emancipation of women in the East is to be found in the innovation of women guides or dragowomen in Cairo, one of whom is here seen showing the tombs of the Mamelukes to a party of tourists

Ewing Galloway

Port Said has the reputation of providing more variety of entertainment than any other city. This picture shows a tourist party enjoying the "turn" of a fakir whose ingenious tricks are performed with chickens

Ewing Galloway

The Suez Canal is ninety-eight miles in length, twenty-one miles being composed of natural lakes, the rest being artificial. Built at a cost of some £20,000,000, some £6,000,000 is taken annually in tolls—interest at 30 per cent. odd

Ewing Galloway

The Suez Canal is one of the world's busiest waterways. This view shows the north end at Port Said with the memorial statue of de Lesseps in the background. Ships usually stop over here for the benefit of passengers

Ewing Galloway

The War Memorial at the Suez Canal, consisting of twin lofty obelisks set on a slight elevation, was erected to mark the spot, south of Port Said, where the Turk tried to break through

DRAGOWOMEN of CAIRO

The real rulers of Egypt are, and have been as long as memory serves, the corps of guides and dragomen. One of the fraternity seizes upon the tourist the moment he sets his foot outside the hotel, and from that instant takes command of his comings and goings. Nor is it only the visitor who feels their influence. They levy tribute of blackmail from restaurants, hotels, taxi-drivers, shopkeepers, heads of religious institutions, upon all in fact—and that means almost the whole population—who derive their livelihood directly or indirectly from the visitors. Now, instead of a mass of garbled information and misinformed tradition, the visitor is to be supplied with accurate facts and a clear, well-spoken commentary by European women of wide culture who have specialized in their subject.

WINTER SPORT in CANADA

The Joys of Snow and the Pastimes of Switzerland Enjoyed Within the Empire

Described by F. G. BAILEY

Canada is preparing to welcome its visitor for the winter sports for which the country is famous. Unfortunately climatic conditions in England to-day do not lend themselves to winter sports of any great variety, and consequently such foreign countries as Switzerland, Norway, and Denmark have been visited by many Europeans. To-day, however, Canada is making a special appeal for winter sports and, with the fast travel facilities now in operation, everything is afforded the visitor for an ideal winter holiday.

In addition to the natural beauty which every part of Canada enjoys during the season, there are winter sports and events, many of which are peculiar to certain areas. For instance, the Maritime Provinces of Ontario and Quebec have their usual snow-shoeing and the latter her annual winter carnival, with tobogganing on the famous terrace; Toronto and Montreal their ski-ing and annual ski-jumping competitions. Toronto also has its ice-boating on the lake, and the prairies their Dog Derbys. British Columbia has her world-renowned ski meeting at Revelstoke.

In Montreal the ski has definitely supplanted the snow-shoe in popularity—and while in some of the maritime villages it is a popular saying that children can swim as soon as they can walk, here they take to skis while they are still unsteady on their feet. The result is that thousands of young boys and girls are really experts in the pastimes. Not only on the mountain itself is ski-ing practised, but in the Laurentian Hills to the south. Every week-end the railway runs a "ski-ers special," a train which leaves on a Saturday night and returns on a Sunday night after darkness has fallen. These trains are packed with ski-ers of all ages and both sexes, each of whom has his or her favourite spot in the hills. The Laurentians are ideally adapted to ski-ing as there are long slopes free of trees and falls down which the ski-ers can race without any fear of injury. There are many who have their winter games as well as their summer camp in these hills, to which they return after a day's hard ski-ing to fill up on good substantial Canadian fare and where they may rest through the long winter evening before a roaring log fire.

In addition to ski-ing and snow-shoeing, Eastern Canada has many other attractive winter sports. Ice-skating is one of the most popular pastimes of the younger generation, and amateur ice-hockey leagues have a following which is second only to the great international professional games. This game, which is probably the fastest known, is played on ice, usually indoors, although in the rural districts, and even in Montreal itself, clusters of boys clear their own rink by

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A REST BY THE WAYSIDE: A typical moment in the Frozen North of Canada. The net-shaped objects are snow-shoes—the efficient management of which is only less difficult than that of skis

ERE OF TRAVEL

A CHILDHOOD PARADISE: A typical winter scene in northern Ontario—for one does not need to go far West to enjoy winter sport in Canada

scraping the frozen surface of a lake or widening in a river.

For the older people and others, fancy skating and skating to music on the ice are most popular. Such skating is perhaps one of the most graceful of exercises and, in addition, very health-promoting. The old custom of having sleigh rides out into the country is well maintained by the present population of Canada, in spite of the replacement of the horse by the car. In the cities as well as in the country towns it is no unusual sight in the evenings to see a great farm wagon, its body filled with straw, come dashing up the street with a laughing, singing crowd of men and women, a four- or six-horse team in the van, its harness decked with bells whose tinkling gives to the winter a liveliness and brightness which are lacking in countries where winter rains take the place of snow flurries.

Again, the Dog Derbys which are run every season at Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, and at "The Pas" in Manitoba are very interesting events. These races are run over the snow, usually in the early Spring. The contestants are men and dogs who have spent most of their lives in the open. The race is not between single dogs chasing an electric hare, as in England, but between teams of dogs harnessed to sleds and driven by woodsmen.

Canadian trappers have their own ideas as to what constitutes an ideal winter sport for tourists. Many tourists in eastern Canada and the United States and even in Europe have acted on their suggestion, and to-day this new winter sport is becoming very popular. The trappers, characteristically, have their own name for it, and have christened their old trap lines "Blanc Bec Trails," which is a free translation into French-Canadian of the Indian nickname "Pale Face," used to distinguish the whites from the natives in the early days of Canada's history.

Tourists are met at the station by the trapper himself complete with dog team, sled, and all the necessary equipment. If desired, members of the party are supplied with snow-shoes, and after a hearty meal a start is made for the trapper's cabin in the back of beyond. They arrive at nightfall, some having travelled on dog sled, others having preferred to try their luck on the short bear-paw snow-shoes used by the trappers of the northern woods. A hot meal is waiting for them cooked in woodman style, appetizing, sustaining, and simple. Then to bed in preparation for the morrow.

The second day the real adventure starts. With packs piled on to the sled and the trapper in the van, the party sallies forth. The midday meal is taken on the edge of the trail, and as the travellers move along over the sparkling snow they are instructed in the lore of the woods by the trapper himself—very often a man who has spent a lifetime in the north. He shows them how he prepares his traps and secures his valuable pelts, and how he snares rabbits and other small animals to replenish his larder. Small streams, frozen lakes, and delightful valleys are traversed and, as night falls, the party reaches the second cabin, cosy and comfortable with a blazing log fire, inviting bunks, and a well-stocked cupboard. The trapper and his mate prepare the supper, and after a hearty meal the company gather round the fire to spin yarns, play cards, or to enjoy a sing-song before turning in for the night.

And so the holiday passes, each day taking the travellers to new country, although the trail itself is as well known to the trapper as the streets of a city are to the town dweller, and leads in a wide circle back to the starting point.

This is a form of winter sport which from its novelty and health-giving powers is exerting a strong appeal to an ever-increasing number of winter sports enthusiasts. Each year sees the opening up of new Blanc Bec Trails as other trappers begin to appreciate their financial possibilities. In a sport of this kind all the visitor needs take with him are warm clothing and a good supply of socks and moccasins for snow-shoeing. November sees the opening up of this popular sport, which each year adds to its numbers.

To conclude, those who are fortunate enough to travel abroad will find in Canada many pastimes to their liking. Curling has increased in popularity during the past few years, until to-day nearly every village in the Dominion has its annual Bonspiel.

ALFRESCO IN WINTER: A camp established by the Alpine Club of Canada near Mount Robson, hard by the Jasper National Park, Alberta—one of the most lovely of the several governmentally enclosed spaces in the Dominion

THROUGH THE CANAL

The Second of a Series of Articles, Inaugurated Last Week, Dealing with Life on Board and Ports of Call During an Ocean Cruise

A passage through the Panama Canal is a great experience at any time. On Christmas Day it is an epic.

We were in the Gatun Locks when we came out of our cabins on Christmas morning. We had missed Colon! "That," we said, glumly, "is what comes of celebrating Christmas Eve at sea.' We were quite pleased to hear that there had been little to see. We had only cast anchor for a moment to obtain pratique.

We forsook breakfast for the brilliant sunshine on deck. The ship was trapped in a rectangular basin the walls of which were level with her smoke stacks. The crowds standing on the lock-side could have stepped on board without difficulty. After looking a minute, we suddenly realized that we were rising rapidly.

The locks fill and empty at the unvarying rate of three feet a minute. Inasmuch as each basin holds six million cubic feet of water, this is rather astonishing, especially as the working principle is exactly the same as that of a lock on the Lea or the Thames.

In about ten minutes' time we had risen to the level of the next great basin; the massive gates swung open and, with a din like the grinding of a million knives, the electric mules began to draw us through. These mules are small tractors that lock as if they would find it a hard job to haul an oversized pantechnicon. They are cogged to an underground cable in the lock wall, from which they derive sufficient power to move many thousands of tons. They run up and down slopes that would capsize an ordinary motor-car.

As we glided forward there was a grand view of the surrounding country. The banks of the locks are cultivated neatly into lawns and gardens, and populated with low, tiled dwellings, all inhabited by officials and engineers of the Canal Zone Administration. Beyond is a glimpse of wild, tropical scenery.

Between the two compartments of the lock stands a high observation tower which contains all the controls of the valves, gates, emergency dams, etc. Apart from the fact that the men in charge sit in front of an exact miniature working model of the whole structure, safety devices and foolproof mechanism make it impossible for a serious mishap to occur.

Two more steps up, the steamer slipped into the Gatun Lake which is 85 ft. above sea-level. This is the largest artificial pond in the world. It was formed by damming the Chagres River and flooding a stretch of lowland thirty miles long and nearly as broad. There are many islets covered with dense vegetation, and hundreds of creeks and backwaters where hideous alligators lie basking in the burning sun, with wide-open jaws that look like dead branches.

THE GATUN LOCKS: A view of a small section of the Panama Canal, taken from the control tower, looking towards the Atlantic

All round us, the stumps of submerged trees stuck out of the lake like sentinels on a watery battlefield whom even the ravages of a flood could not drive from their duty.

When I strolled along the deck to listen to the ship's lecturer I realized how much history I had forgotten (or never learned) when I was at school. I scarcely remembered the name of Morgan, the bold buccaneer from Wales, who marched his band of mutinous cut-throats 250 years ago along the bed of this lake to sack the wealthy town of Panama. Or how the departed inhabitants fooled him by painting the gilt interior of the cathedral with whitewash.

As the sun neared its zenith, the heat became uncomfortable, and the air sticky and oppressive. An insect two inches long soared over the side and darted forward with a noise like a Schneider Cup 'plane. I retreated, accompanied by several passengers, but eventually achieved heroism by chasing the enemy aircraft away with my uniform cap. The popular opinion was that it was a malaria fly, which is improbable, since the U.S. Expeditionary Force boast that they have exterminated all disease-carrying insects within the zone long ago.

A train puffing along the bank of the canal caused much interest. The Panama Railroad is said to have cost one human life per sleeper to lay. One life for every few yards. With the added toll of casualties taken by the building of the canal itself, it does not really seem that the exploitation of the Isthmus was worth the enormous sacrifice it demanded. Ships should surely fly their ensigns at half-mast when passing through this great monument to courage.

We slipped by the masts of Darien radio station (no longer are its peaks silent!) and entered the bottle-neck approach to the Gaillard (formerly Culebra) Cut, where several small craft had chivalrously tied themselves up to give us precedence of passage.

"Merry Chris'm's one *and* all!" chanted a half-naked negro from the poop of a dilapidated freighter, removing his cap and executing an impromptu step dance which earned a roar of appreciation from our passengers.

Then we were swallowed by the Cut which, except the locks, is the only stretch of the canal which clearly shows the handiwork of men. It is a channel blasted right through a giant boulder of rock — the *pons asinorum* that broke the hearts of the old French pioneers.

When we emerged into the open again the descent to the Pacific level began. This is made by means of three locks with musical names—Pedro Miguel, Upper Miraflores, and Lower Miraflores. Half an hour later we tied up alongside the wharf at Balbao.

FILM FACES of FORTUNE

On extreme left—
MISS NORMA SHEARER as a child; *on left* Miss Shearer as she is now she has won the "Screen's Nobel Prize"—the Academy Award won by her work in *The Divorcée*

On right—
MR. HAROLD LLOYD as a merry three-year-old; *on extreme right*, the popular spectacled slapstick comedian, whose deftness and imperturbability are convulsing, as he is to-day

On extreme left—
MISS JOAN CRAWFORD, a chubby smiling girl of five, and *on left* the soignée and smart star who married Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

On right—
MR. RONALD COLMAN in the Chinese fancy dress at a children's party, and *on extreme right* as the famous English idol who smashes feminine hearts as easily as box office receipt records

On extreme left—
MISS CLARA BOW in the days when her famous sex appeal was nil, and *on left* in her full glory as the "It" girl

On right—
MR. BUSTER KEATON in typically solemn mood at the age of three, while *on extreme right* he is seen exhibiting the serious face which evokes laughter on every appearance

On extreme left—
MISS ESTHER RALSTON during a dance she gave at the age of eleven, and *on left* in repose, now she has attained the dignity of fame and stardom

On right—
MR. NEIL HAMILTON in all the solemnity of youth suitable to a boy who intended to go into the priesthood, and *on extreme right* the still serious hero of many recent films

On extreme left—
MISS JEAN ARTHUR at the age of seven shows remarkable self-possession, while *on left* she appears with a more brilliant smile for the fame her life and work have brought her

On right—
MR. WALLACE BEERY when he had the lion heart, though he had not played it, and *on extreme right* the distinguished star who can make even a murderer a lovable character

THE MUCH YOUNGER SET

M. F. H.'S CHILDREN: Miss Rosemary and Master John Barratt with the Old Berkeley

UNUSUAL MOUNTS: Miss Barbara Crassier, the daughter of the newly-appointed Librarian of the Bodleian, and Miss Margaret Morrell lead the field of the South Oxfordshire Hunt after the meet at Elsfield, despite the fact that their mounts are scarcely "bits of blood"

OF A HUNTING HOUSE: Miss Joan and Miss Barbara Kennedy, the daughters of Lieut.-Colonel C. F. Kennedy, Joint Master of the Monmouthshire, at Llanarth Court, near Abergavenny, the house of Lord Treowen

Claude Harris

IN A DICKENS CHARACTER: The Hon. Gerard Nore, the five-year-old brother of the eight-year-old Earl of Gainsborough, in the costume he wore at a recent Society matinée

TWO HORSES, TWO DRIVERS: The Hon. Richard and Ella Beaumont, the children of Lord and Lady Allendale, in equine rôle with the Misses Anne and Elizabeth daughters of the Hon. Mrs. Winn

MUTUAL INTEREST AND TIMIDITY; A study of children and deer from Clissold Park, Stoke Newington. It were difficult to estimate whether the deer were more or less frightened than their tiny examiners

THE BIG DOG AND THE LITTLE FOLK: A trio of children impress a magnificent Borzoi into service while playing at the Lord Mayor's Show in the now autumnal atmosphere of Hyde Park

NINE POINTS OF THE LAW: The end of a struggle for possession between Miss Patricia Parsons, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. Parsons, and grandchild of General Tuson, and Miss Gillian Brocklebank, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. Brocklebank

A TEAM OF FOUR: Miss Gillian Brocklebank, Miss Patricia Parsons, and Miss Ann Diamant, daughter of Captain and Mrs. Diamant, fraternize with Ivanhoe, the child-loving and good-tempered Borzoi, in Kensington Gardens

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

Miss Marjorie Mars, now appearing in the "Barretts of Wimpole Street," is here seen wearing an evening frock of fine net. It is in a smoked grey shade and is cut, with the exception of the tiered corsage, on perfectly plain lines. A diamond clip-on brooch and a short crystal necklace complete this attractive ensemble. Marshall and Snelgrove

ACCESSORIES *that* MAKE CLOTHES

By Norma Forbes

Even in enlightened times, such as we are living in to-day, the art of choosing the "right" dress accessories is by no means generally understood. As a matter of fact, "accessories" form the pit into which the majority of women, who might otherwise be termed well-dressed, fall. Perhaps it is the revival of the Victorian element in our midst that has helped to make us forget the importance of words like "simple" or "restrained," in the world of fashion.

Gloves, for instance, one of the most important of accessories, have simply run riot of late, and if one is not really very careful they can play havoc with the most perfectly ordered ensemble. Some of the very smartest this season for daytime wear have deep fur gauntlets reaching almost to the elbow, and a very new idea is for them to have detachable wool linings which clip into the glove itself. Coloured gloves for sports-wear, more especially for skating, are proving very popular. Evening gloves have become highly complicated affairs; some are decorated with embroidery, some with appliqué work or diamanté.

Furs must now be considered one of the important accessories, and no wardrobe is complete this season without its small fur tie and muff. Many tailored coats have detachable fur collars.

Handbags are to-day so inexpensive that there is simply no excuse for the woman who carries one that is not in keeping with her outfit. A recent exhibition of leathercraft was adequate proof that it is quite possible to "buy British" and to buy inexpensive and smart handbags. Bags of a flat fur to match one's coat or fur trimming are very much the vogue now, and they are quite unexpectedly hard-wearing.

Shoes have changed very little; the tie design seems still to be holding its own during the day, and we still cling to the practical and hard-wearing skins like python and lizard.

There has never been such a variety of scarves both in shape and design as there is to-day. For your sports suit there are small cravats carried out in a thin but warm woollen material. There are silk georgette scarves in a tartan design, and some of the newest have one side of wool and the other of silk.

This time Miss Mars is wearing an attractive sports suit. The jumper is carried out in a deep shade of terra cotta and fastens down the front with tiny brass buttons, whilst the woollen scarf introduces shades of brown, beige, terra cotta and orange. The béret is beige. Robinson and Cleaver

Brown—a deep earth brown—is very popular this season, and it is the inspiration of this attractive ensemble. The coat and skirt are of a supple woollen material, and the jumper is crocheted in beige wool. The hat is carried out in brown velvet and introduces orange in the trimming. Richard Sands

THE NEW HATS

"It isn't what you wear but how you wear it" might well be our motto to-day, so far as hats are concerned, and so long as you tilt them well over the right eye, and wear them to one side, even our old friend, the woollen cap, cannot be termed unfashionable. Crowns, for the most part, are square cut and shallow. Brims are liable to many eccentricities, but they must always allow us a glimpse of one eyebrow. Trimmings are important. Sometimes they are of glass, sometimes of feather, and the quaint Victorian rosette appears frequently.

Quite a number of our newest millinery models are carried out in fur. The Glengarry, the Mary Stuart, and the Robin Hood are still much worn; some are so small that they necessitate the use of hat-pins and, of course, a perfect coiffure.

No matter what the prevailing fashion may be a combination of black and white can always be relied upon to be "right." Black satin forms the skirt of this gown to which is allied a white satin corsage and a coatee with elbow length sleeves. Corot

Pictures by Peter North

In this model the horizontal markings of the pelt, the long roll collar, and the slightly-shaped waist-line contrive to make this mink coat becoming to every figure. Gorringe

Here is a practical skating suit, which is built on the lines of the time-honoured gym-tunic. The tunic itself is carried out in a navy blue woollen material and the jumper is in a striped jersey fabric. The hat is merely a woollen beret worn at a new and becoming angle. Jaeger

THE TREND *of the* WINTER FASHIONS

By Marjorie Day

This winter will decide the burning question—how far are we going to allow the Victorian element to influence our fashions? The truth is, I think, that out of what a few months ago was a craze has been born an entirely new mode, which, although it bears witness to its Victorian origin, is essentially practical and adaptable to our needs of to-day. For instance we have sensibly dispensed with superfluous trimming, the fault of our forbears, although frills and bustles are not yet things of the past, and we now, generally speaking, keep to simple and becoming lines, and we are learning too to achieve the effects of the fashions of 1881 without using the amount of material our parents and grandparents did in more spacious and prosperous times.

The subject of the length of our skirts has now slipped into comparative unimportance as compared with question of colour. Evening gowns are of course still ankle length, or longer, and daytime dresses still reach midway between knee and ankle.

Bright greens, bottle green, warm shades of brown and vivid reds, blues, and sometimes grey are the more usual colours at the moment. One new and interesting note in the winter mode is our reaction against the all-matching colour combination that has held the field for the past few years. Orange allied to brown, black to a bright green are some of the important colour amalgamations, and at many recent dress parades the appearance of a brightly coloured cloth coat over a dark frock was noticeable. But more of this later; let us now return to our evening clothes.

The gowns are more alluring than ever; soft clouds of tulle, ninon, and georgette are moulded into tight little bodices and tiered skirts and glimmering satin is cut into sheath-like gowns with concealed skirt folds and brace-like shoulder-straps. The "Buy British" cry has increased the number of lace gowns that are to be seen, making Nottingham lace and fancy nets very much in demand. Some designers are favouring the two-coloured evening dresses. For example, some have a white front and a black back, others have the corsage in one colour and the skirt in another. Informal

(Continued on p. 286)

An afternoon frock in navy blue and white is finished with a small felt tricorn. The blouse which is attached to the frock has a fashionable cowl neckline, and the coatee is trimmed at the hem and cuffs with a fancy edging. The front and back of the skirt are pleated from the hips, but the side panels are pleated from the knee. Swan and Edgar

This coat of brown-dyed Chinese ermine is cut on essentially becoming lines, and is so supple that it can be moulded to the figure. Revillon Frères

On crisp Autumn mornings when the sun consents to shine, nothing can be more attractive than a walk in the park clad in the right ensemble. Miss Marjorie Mars has selected a terra cotta suit trimmed with nutria and a chic hat to tone. Debenham & Freebody

THE NEW FURS

It is a long time, if ever, since fur was such an important factor in our daily lives as it is to-day. Tailored coats even are trimmed with it this season. Flat pliable furs are the most popular for this, such as caracul, gallyac, sealskin, and lamb. Muffs have definitely returned to favour, mostly in small, neat shapes, although I have seen some as large as the ones we were wearing in the days before the War. Coats, whether they be long or short are broad of shoulder, are nipped-in at the waist.

Fur capes and pelerines now occupy a position of prominence in the wardrobe this season, and if you want to be really chic you will buy a little muff to match. These sets are usually carried out in a thin, pliable fur such as Persian Lamb of Gallyac.

Pictures by Peter North

There is no fur that frames the face in such a becoming manner as silver fox. Here it sets off a velvet hat and black coat to great advantage, to say nothing of the auburn hair and delicate features of the wearer, Miss Marjorie Mars. Fur and hat come from Woollands

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

THE TREND *of the* WINTER FASHIONS

(*Continued from p.* 285)

evening gowns with a high, transparent backline and a modest "V" in front, and long sleeves seem to be coming back again. For all occasions pleats are very much to the fore. The divided skirt or pyjama is definitely less important in this season's collections than in the Spring.

In sharp contrast to the soft femininity which is apparent in our evening clothes are the day coats which follow a definitely masculine trend; they are cut almost on military lines, with a tightly fitting waistline, broad lapels and broad shoulders. Indeed, this breadth of shoulder and pinched-in waist might be termed the chief characteristics of this season's styles, with the introduction of the epaulette running a close second.

Perhaps it is to the mild weather and the prevailing spirit of economy that we owe the continued popularity of the short coat, but with us they still are in larger numbers than ever.

The importance of scarves cannot be too greatly stressed this season. Typical examples are illustrated above. Handbags, too, are shown in their latest form with clasps of crystal and the newest jewellery to add an effective finish to our outfits. Galeries Lafayette

Dresses for street or afternoon wear, although still simple, are definitely more elaborate than they were a few months ago. Velvet and wool lace are responsible for some of the very latest frocks, and many models are fur-trimmed.

The prominence of sports and semi-sports clothes was apparent in the majority of the London collections. The attractive woolly jumpers destined to be worn with them are hand-knitted or crocheted, and are quite short. Many have a matching hat and scarf. The jersey suits that are now the vogue are equally becoming to women of all ages, and part of their charm is that they can be worn successively either in the town or in the country.

There is one point in the new season's mode that I think we have every reason to be thankful for; that is the re-appearance of the button as a practical factor in our midst. No longer do we have to grasp our coats firmly around us, instead they button neatly at the waistline in a most comforting manner. Another thing for which we should give thanks to the gods of fashion is the fact that to-day the production of woollen fabrics has reached such a fine art that it is now possible to be warm and appear *chic* at the same time. There was a time, and not so very long ago either, when the word "Tweed" conjured up a vision of a clumsy, thick material that would make one blush to be seen in it. That is all a thing of the past now. To-day the cosiest of tweeds are as pliable as silk; they can be moulded to the figure and are becoming to everyone. They have also enabled us to make interesting experiments with our silhouette this winter, and the bell-shaped skirt is very fetching and slenderizing.

In conclusion, a word as to the skating outfit. This has now become an essential part of our wardrobe, and gives us an opportunity to wear some of the gay, vivid colours that are dear to the heart of every woman. Some, like the one illustrated, are cut in a tunic design, others are made all in one; whilst the blouse or jumper and skirt is perhaps the most comfortable style of dress for the ice.

Upon this and the preceding pages are shown illustrations which convey some idea of the trend of this winter's modes. Fashion, I think, has never offered us such an attractive array as it does to-day, but now that we have quite definitely dispensed with uniformity we must remember that individualism offers many traps for the unwary, and if we are not very careful it will run away with the good sense we have acquired during the past few years, and that is something that we must guard against at all costs.

An attractive suit of nigger brown tweed, trimmed with Persian lamb collar in the same shade. The hat likewise is in brown and the crown is decorated with a quill. Whiteley

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THE WORLD OF WOMEN

"HIGH AND OVER"

One of the Strangest Houses Ever Built

It stands on the top of a hill, overlooking the town of Amersham, and rumour says that it is "one of the strangest houses" ever built, and for once rumour is right.

This newly-built rectilinear house is the home of Professor B. Ashmole, who erected it with three main aims in view — the first, to place the windows in such a position that they get as much sun and benefit of the glorious view as possible; the second, to evade cold winds; and the third, to conform to the contours of the site.

These objectives were attained by building the house rather in the shape of an aeroplane, and in the distance it looks like a clump of white rectangular blocks, slotted with rectangular windows.

The illustration shows the rear of the house with its spacious garage and forecourt which affords excellent parking facilities for as many cars as are likely to bring guests to the house at one time

"High and Over" is essentially modern in its conception and not least so is the entrance, with its severe steel door, which together with the rest of the house is sheltered from cold winds

A charming coiffure with curls and a roll is suggested by Emile of Conduit Street

A becoming combination of tight rolls and curls by André Hugo of Sloane Street

Here is another coiffure by Emile that is essentially suited to the new hats

A view of the very original house which was recently built by Professor B. Ashmole on a hill overlooking the town of Amersham

Every feature of this modernistic dwelling has been designed to blend harmoniously. Even the garden has about it an atmosphere of attractive *style moderne*

Adjoining the house is a large water tower and pumping station, a necessary installation owing to the rising nature of the ground, and nearby a splendid fives court affords both exercise and amusement of an unusual nature

A NOTE *on the* COIFFURE *of* To-day

Feminine at last! Curls and little soft waves are the order of to day, and women are enveloping themselves in a mysterious aureole of charm and feminity. What woman in her secret heart will not sing praises of thanksgiving, even if it does entail a little extra time in the mornings, and a more frequent visit to the hairdresser?

A side parting and one, or perhaps two, beautifully coiled rolls on the nape of the neck will give stately elegance to the tall woman and added stature to the petite.

Yet, although the severe coiffure we favoured a few years ago is now completely banished, its influence is still felt to-day. For even in the most feminine style of hairdressing there is a certain orderly restraint. The curls are tight, and waves follow very closely the contour of the head.

One fact, however, is certain: that is, that the coiffure has never been so important as it is to-day.

Those charming little models of modern millinery depend entirely upon a well-groomed head to enhance their chic. One's hair must be dressed to suit one's hat now as well as to become one's face. No longer can we place a large and comfortably fitting hat upon our head with the comforting thought, "Well, never mind if my hair does want waving, it can wait until to-morrow; it won't show beneath my hat." Nowadays tiny little plate-like pretences are tilted so that a complete half of the hair is left uncovered, and it is up to us to see that it is a *soignée* combination.

Some examples of the latest coiffures are illustrated on the opposite page. M. D.

Sands'

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STYLE 2.—132 stitches to each square centimetre, average 60,000 stitches to one bag. 79/6

STYLE 3.—81 stitches to each square centimetre, average 34,000 stitches to one bag. 59/6

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A STORM on the ATLANTIC—SHIPS

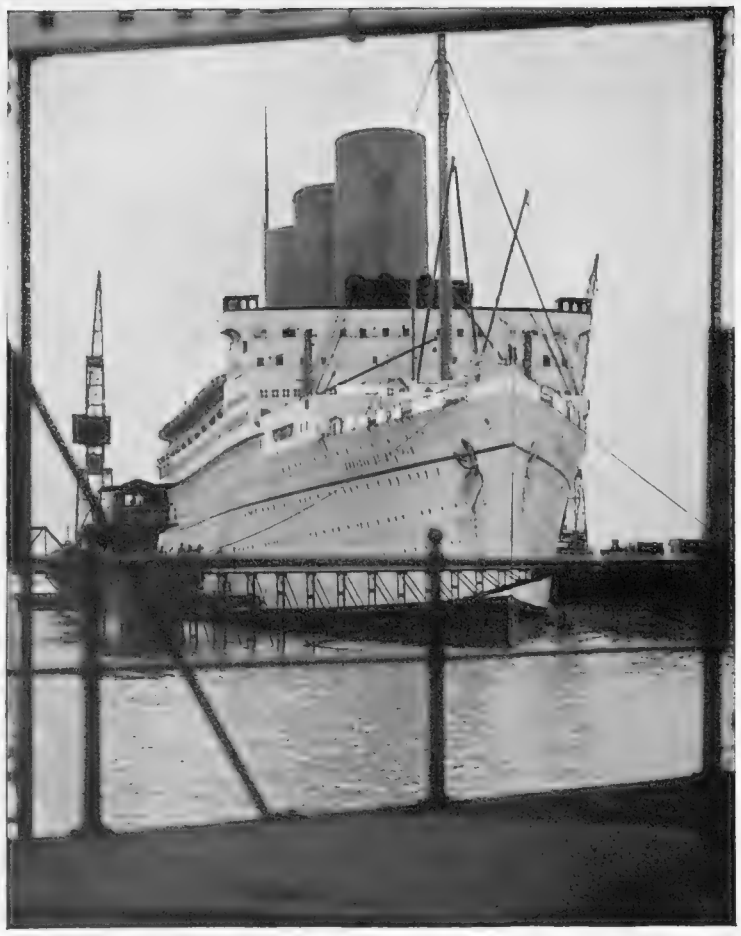
(Continued from p. 261)

long, however, before the same company added the *Paris* (34,000 tons), which compared in speed—and even in size—with the big British liners. The next step was the building of the *Ile de France* (43,000 tons), one of the most popular and paying of big ships to-day.

The Cie. Générale Transatlantique then proceeded to build the motor-liner, *Lafayette* (21,000), a year before the White Star launched its *Britannic*. That the company has recently had to receive Government assistance is beside the point. In ten years it has added enormously to the prestige of French shipping and has, by using Plymouth and the Havre quayside (instead of the Cherbourg tender arrangements), been able to make some interesting records.

The regaining by the Norddeutscher Lloyd of the speed record which they lost to the Cunarders twenty-five years ago was a romantic development. Since the launching of the *Europa* and *Bremen* there has been a fusion of interests between the Norddeutscher and their old-time rivals, the Hamburg-Amerika. Although this latter company has not entered the speed markets it has made great headway with a fleet of almost entirely post-War design, ships of the 20,000-ton *Deutschland* class having captured a good deal of the moderate Atlantic trade.

Summing up, therefore, we find that whereas, until a few months ago, no ships over 26,000 tons had been added to the British mercantile fleets on the Atlantic, other countries can claim many notable additions. Germany has built two high-speed vessels of 50,000 tons each; France has one vessel of 43,000 tons and another of 34,000 tons; Italy has two vessels—the *Roma* and *Augustus*—of 32,000 tons, and a huge new one launched a few days ago, the *Conte di Savoia* of 48,000 tons; and Holland a vessel—the *Statendam*—of 30,000 tons.



PREPARING FOR HER FIRST WORLD'S CRUISE: *The C.P.R. wonder liner,* Empress of Britain, *enters the 60,000-ton floating dock at Southampton. She is the finest of the big new post-War British liners*

It is permissible, however, to speculate upon Germany's position on the Atlantic to-day if the Allied Governments had decided not to avail themselves of the enormous tonnage represented by such ships as the *Majestic*, *Leviathan*, *Berengaria*, and *Homeric*. For while our smaller ships are still working well, the immediate future of the Armada of idle big ships is — for the reasons I have outlined — highly problematical. And the launching of the new Cunarder cannot fail to intensify the growing desire of Americans for novelty-at-sea and the highest possible speeds.

THE LOVERS of CASTELNAUDARY

(Continued from p. 265)

The judge refused to be persuaded. He held out until a senior *Parquet* was sent over from Montpellier because, really, the case was commencing to attract far too much attention. The effect of this *Parquet*'s arrival was dramatic. It was now a week after the tragedy and Pierrette lay buried in the landlord's family tomb, and Paul in a plot at Amélie.

Madame Guillot went completely back on her original statement. She now said, "I did not see the young man fall. He was already lying across my daughter when I entered."

And without demur the vital correction was accepted on the records.

"It is dreadful," confided Judge Guillot to his intimates, "but my poor wife was distraught at the time and I fear I must accept what she now says—implying that my daughter was a murderess."

There remained nothing save the reconstruction of the crime, to be executed in line with the new statement (solution (*a*) above, Pierrette firing).

At 9.30 a.m. a dozen had assembled in the tragic room. Mmes Guillot and Guérin were in the adjoining room, the judge downstairs. While the lorry-driver fired three shots as he had heard them, Inspector Dome, representing Paul, hurled himself, like a Rugby tackler, at Inspector Becq, representing Pierrette, and caught her shoe in the dual fall which occurred to the crack of shots. In walked the ladies while the judge mounted the stairs. The trio spoke their parts in keeping with solution (*a*). There was just a slight hitch about the revolver; but eventually this was smoothed away by the judge correcting to read that he took it from *near* the young man's hand which was *on* the shoe. A correction which was duly rehearsed. Everything in fact was going swimmingly, if only that Maître Noguère would keep quiet.

"Why did you leave your daughter dying there?" was asked.

"I was getting the doctor."

Then Paul's father wished it formally established that he had gained moral satisfaction, and this the *Parquet* assured him. Once again, however, Maître Noguère would have his say.

"I make the reservation that the girl may have killed herself first and that a third party, in the room at the time, intervened and killed Paul Bartre."

But really, this did not perturb or detain the company, now that the crime had been elucidated.

Of course, a new grave is being found for Pierrette—murderess.

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particular study, as many will recall who read his very excellent *Some of the English*. He knew French life equally well. Here, in his last work, *The Right Honourable*, he indulges in a fantasy. Lord Thornton Heath is the son of an ennobled Labour member, a plumber by calling. His young lady is a Communist. The whole story is a most agreeable piece of fooling, with the shrewdest criticism of those who believe in salvation by ballot.

Miss Cicely Hamilton recently gave us an excellent book about Germany, which included a fierce denunciation of baldheads, though I have never understood the connection. Now she gives us a novel about a Cabinet Minister who learned, on the eve of an election that was to make him Prime Minister, that he had only three weeks to live. His chief opponent's wife unearths some facts about a certain week-end and tries to blackmail him. He goes to address a great meeting and, instead of delivering a fighting address, announces his forthcoming death, and tells them he cannot go on humbugging the electorate. *Full Stop* has the simplest elements, but Miss Cicely Hamilton has dealt impressively with the most impressive thing in life. My old blacksmith, who will soon solve the riddle, will appreciate this book.

— BOOKS

(Continued from p. 276)

There are two women of genius whom I am always confusing. They are both admirable novelists. One is Anne Douglas Sedgwick, the other is Ethel Sidgwick. The former wrote *Tante*, the latter *Duke Jones*. A novel by A. D. S. is always an event for me. The new work from E. S. is called *Dorothy's Wedding*. It is a tale of two villages, Wincham and Glasswell, of vicars and vicars' wives, of old maids, and sharp-tongued ladies, five dogs, and Miss Pinner's favourite cat. There is also a local lady who has written a novel. Here are all the old ingredients, the village choir practising carols, etc. The difference between *Dorothy's Wedding* and *Alexanderplatz* is the difference between chocolates and bismuth. The blacksmith's wife prefers chocolate. Miss Sidgwick's name ensures the very best quality. This tale of two villages cannot fail to please.

Sir Philip Gibbs has turned to the Victorians with *The Golden Years*. If I cannot believe in the characters of this book it is not because of the writing, which has his characteristic insight and sympathy, but because I cannot believe in the Victorians. They owned the earth, which meant the attic and the basement kitchens where pale slaveys worked twelve hours a day, joined in the family prayers, and never joined in the family prosperity. In those days journalists were not respectable, perhaps they are not to-day. At the most they could never expect to get into the Cabinet, whereas now they graduate as journalists from the Cabinet. So Harry Verney could never hope for the hand of Lady Isobel, who became a Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen. Poor Isobel, she was caught sitting on a window-ledge in the Royal drawing-room and asked by the stern old lady how she dared to recline in the Queen's presence. If she dared to recline, she did not dare to decline the husband the Queen provided, so Harry Verney remained outside the Royal circle since he had not the pluck to pluck. So here are the golden years in Sir Philip's golden manner. I have enjoyed it, and my old people will enjoy it, and to them it will all seem quite natural.

When Mr. Edward Gordon Craig writes books, whether about the theatre, his mother, or himself, he starts so many hares and parades, so many mannerisms and odd ideas, that one is continually provoked to dispute with him. I wish he could get rid of his G. B. S. obsession. He obtrudes it in his delightful study of his mother, *Ellen Terry and her Secret Self* (Sampson Low. 15s.). In this book he confronts two characters, Ellen Terry the actress, and Nellie the mother. He declares they were in conflict. I feel the idea is somewhat strained, but it results in a very vivid and varied portrait of his mother. His closing scene around her death-bed has all the art of a Terry, but he should not fall into such cheap expressions as "awfully glad" and "this damn stroke." Lapses like these are unworthy of his fine moments in a most readable book.

The second volume of Prince von Bülow's "Memoirs" (Putnam. 25s.) covers the years 1903 to 1908, from the Morocco crisis to his resignation of the Chancellorship. I am grateful to the publishers for not cutting this edition. They make every effort to disclaim responsibility for the savage portrait of Lord Lonsdale, who again receives very rough treatment as "the Kaiser's friend," along with Sir Thomas Lipton as "King Edward's rich friend." But it seems to me that these memoirs are the frankest, most honest and enlightening that have come from any great statesman during the last fifty years. Bülow's honesty cannot be challenged. The Kaiser he describes as intelligent but mentally unbalanced. His Crown Prince is very different from popular conception. There is a strong accusation here that the Kaiser spent too much time comfortably ensconced in the castle of the Prince of Pless when he should have been visiting his troops.

REVIEWS IN BRIEF

The Happy Prisoner, *by Lorna Rea* **(Heinemann. 5s. net).**—A delicate story by the author of *Six Mrs. Greens* of a young girl whose hearing is restored and illusions of life shattered.

The Long Christmas Dinner, *by Thornton Wilder* **(Longmans. 6s. net).**—Six short plays, all set in U.S.A., all finely wrought.

Naval Eight (Wyatt, 11, Park Village West: N.W.1. 10s. 6d. net).—A history of No. 8 Squadron R.N.A.S. from its formation in 1916 to 1918. Here are six stories whose history of courage and resource explains the power of our new arm. Six men tell the story of a flying naval eight, and put on record their own gallant day's work. It is admirably illustrated.

Thoughts upon Hunting, *by Peter Beckford* **(Cape. 15s. net).**—A classic of hunting in the form of letters, with sixteen coloured engravings.

Collected Poems of Laurence Binyon (2 vols. 10s. 6d. net. each, Macmillan and Co.).—One of the richest and subtlest voices quiring in England to-day.

Rhymes of Flood and Field, *by Patrick R. Chalmers* **(Eyre and Spottiswoode. 15s. net).**—A *Punch* poet's hymning of Nature, charmingly illustrated.

A Bird Painter's Sketch Book, *Written and Illustrated by Philip Rickman* **(Eyre and Spottiswoode. 30s. net).**—A feast for bird-lovers whose favourites are noted in their habits and depicted in their glory.

Children of Darkness, *by V. Shiskov* **(Gollancz.)**—A terror-smiting novel of Russia's children driven to earth and crime by starvation. It is unforgettable in its grim art.

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The Petrol World

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere"; Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

"*SPEED.*"—There are many of us who are apt to run away with the idea that there is no adventure or romance connected with motoring. The motor-car, as we know it to-day, has become just as common an object as a sideboard or a settee. Along the roads it speeds without effort, without fuss, and without giving one moment's serious trouble to its matter-of-fact owner. Any of my readers who look upon motoring in this manner should steer their way into the nearest bookseller's and purchase a copy of a book recently published called *Speed*. This title is happily chosen by the author, Mr. J. Wentworth Day, and the book is the authentic life-story of Captain Sir Malcolm Campbell. The author and his subject are intimate friends, and so we are given a very clear and exceedingly interesting glimpse of our motoring star behind the scenes. We are told that the present holder of the World's Land Speed Record was fined and severely reprimanded for going far too fast on a push bicycle. The magistrate, who was evidently not gifted with a prophetic eye, hoped that the punishment would prevent young Campbell ever going fast again.

AN ALL-ROUND RECORD-BREAKER.—I doubt if any other racing motorist has had such a varied experience in other spheres of adventure. Sir Malcolm long before the War built, flew, and crashed his own aeroplane. He has experienced an exciting journey in search of treasure, and so it is not difficult for the reader of this book to realize that the spirit of adventure is an ever-present urge in the make-up of this record-breaker. The various chapters reveal to the uninitiated that motor-racing calls for a never-ending display of grit, and an ability not only to drive a motor-car well, but to smile and still persevere in face of great and continuous disappointments.

This book should be read by everyone interested in motoring and particularly those who take a pride in the men and machines bred and made in this country. To the rising generation this book is a valuable piece of reading and it is written in a style which will appeal immediately to the schoolboy reader.

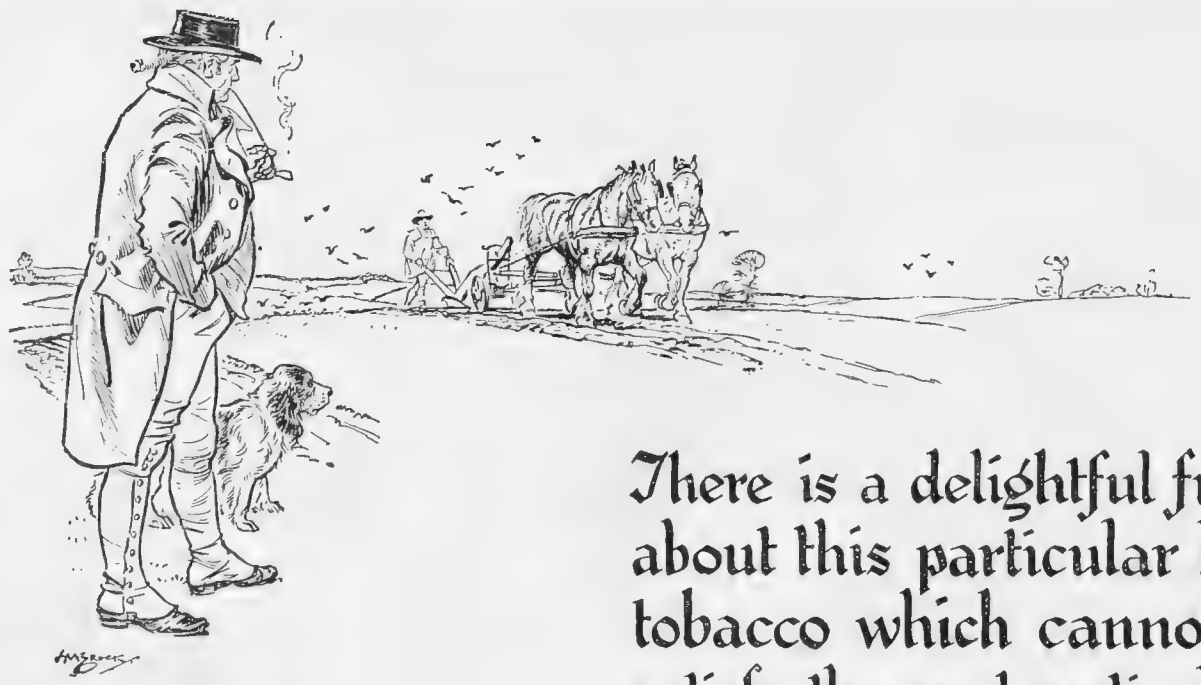
Another motoring book has been sent to me, and this deals with all the captains of the motor industry. We all love to know something about our leaders, about the people who make our motor-cars, those who sell them to us, and those who help to make them go once we have become owners. Such well-known people as Sir Herbert Austin, Sir William Morris, Sir Frederick Royce, and Lord Wakefield are given chapters to themselves, and the author, Mr. G. S. Davison, has a happy knack in this book—which, by the way, is entitled *At the Wheel*—of giving us just those interesting items regarding the individual and the firm which hold our attention. Mr. Davison has a pleasant pen, and owing to his long association with motoring he is well qualified to deal with the subject matter of this book.

THE "KAYE DON": An 18-h.p. six-cylinder Singer which was originally designed to Mr. Kaye Don's requirements and is now a standard Singer product. The coachwork is available in various shades of grey and blue with furniture hide upholstery to match. A novel feature is a concealed lamp which at night lights up the running-boards when the rear doors are opened

WHEN AN ACCIDENT OCCURS.—Confusion still appears to exist in the minds of many motorists regarding the proper course to follow should they be involved in an accident when driving a car or motor-cycle. To assist those who are not clear on the matter, the R.A.C. states that the requirements under the Road Traffic Act are as follows: If an accident occurs whereby damage or injury is caused to any person, vehicle or animal, the driver of the motor vehicle must stop and, if required to do so, give his own name and address, that of the owner of the vehicle and also the identification marks of the vehicle, to any person having reasonable grounds for requiring them. If for any reason he does not give these particulars at the time of the accident, then he must report the accident within twenty-four hours at a police station or to a police constable. In one or two instances motorists have not reported an accident, because it did not appear that any damage or injury had been caused. The R.A.C. is of opinion that if a motorist is involved in an accident he should invariably follow the advice given above, whether there is any apparent damage or injury or not. It is not always possible to be certain that no ill after-effect will follow an accident, and by giving the necessary particulars at the time, or reporting them later to the police, a driver avoids any possibility of a summons at a later date. It should be noted that the expression "animal" means any horse, cattle, ass, mule, sheep, pig, goat, or dog.

THE "OLD CROCKS'" RUN.—Entries for the R.A.C. run for veteran cars from London to Brighton closed with a total of fifty-seven. This is the largest entry that has ever been received for an event of this character, and as a consequence the run should prove of exceptional interest. The oldest car entered was manufactured in 1894, and nothing later than 1904 models are eligible. The entries include practically every type of motor-car that was produced within that period, and spectators along the route will have a unique opportunity of studying the gradual evolution of the motor-car from its very earliest days. The run will take place on Sunday next, November 15. The cars will be despatched in order of date of manufacture, the oldest leaving first. No. 1 will leave Moon's Garage, Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1, at 9.0 a.m., the remainder following at half-minute

(Continued on p. 296)



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Welcome Always-Keep it Handy

The Petrol World

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

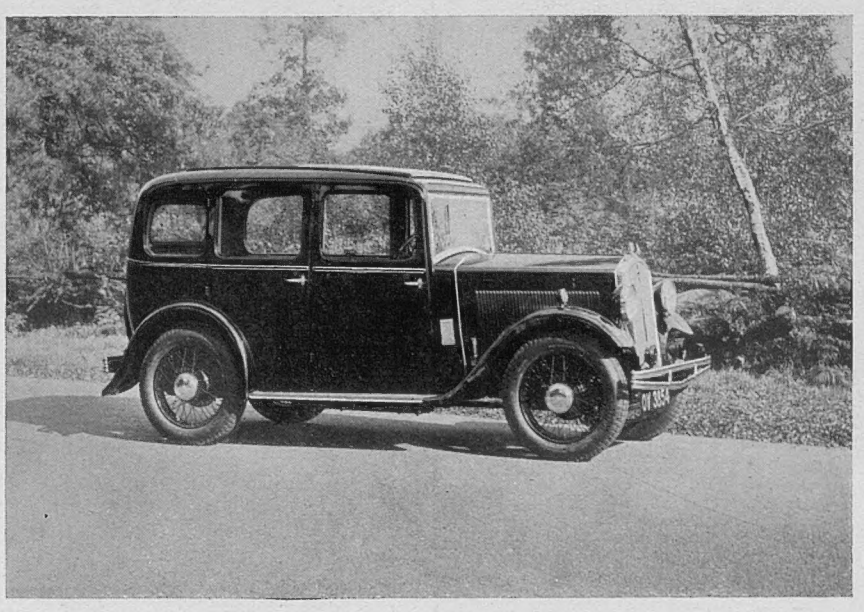
(Continued from p. 294)

intervals. They will proceed via Victoria Street to Westminster Bridge, and will thence follow the old Brighton Road save that, for the convenience of spectators, they will use the Croydon by-pass. The R.A.C. wishes to emphasize that this event is in no sense a race. An official car will precede the first car and will travel at a moderate speed over the whole route. Any competitor passing this official car will be liable to disqualification.

POINTS OF INTEREST.—At the Winchester Quarter Sessions the Automobile Association has just successfully appealed against the conviction of a motorist who was fined by the Basingstoke magistrates for driving dangerously. The prosecution had alleged that the defendant travelled at an excessive speed when passing a detachment of troops and failed to slow down on being signalled to by the officer in command. The evidence of the defendant and his passenger was that the car was slowed down, but that when passing the column of soldiers at reduced speed the officer in charge ran alongside and struck the defendant in the face. A summons for assault against the officer was dismissed at the original hearing, and the motorist was fined £5 and costs. The justices upheld the view put forward by counsel instructed by the A.A. Legal Department and allowed the appeal with costs against the police.

A further regrettable death by poisoning from exhaust gases in a garage last week once more emphasizes the danger of carbon monoxide. The Automobile Association recently issued to all garages holding the A.A. appointment a show-card covering a number of useful hints which should be observed by motorists when their engines are running in a confined space as follows: "Beware of exhaust gases; exhaust gases of motor vehicles are poisonous, they contain carbon monoxide (CO) which is invisible, colourless and odourless, but very deadly. Carbon monoxide does not asphyxiate, but is definitely poisonous and has caused many deaths. Never run an engine in the garage for longer than is absolutely necessary. Never run the engine for warming or tuning up unless doors, windows, and other ventilators of the garage are open. Warm up the engine or tune it up in the open air rather than in the garage. Maintain the exhaust system in good condition and free from leakage." Copies of the card can be obtained by members of the A.A. for use in their own garages on application to the Secretary, the Automobile Association, Fanum House, New Coventry Street, London, W.1.

The majority of motorists do not appear to realize the danger of petrol overflowing when tanks are being replenished. Every now and then cases are reported to the Automobile Association where cars have caught fire on the engine being started after stopping to refuel, due presumably to the petrol having overflowed and being ignited by a "short circuit" from the magneto or coil. Great care should always be taken to prevent petrol being spilt over the engine. Should this occur a safeguard recommended by the A.A. is to allow sufficient time for the spirit to evaporate before starting up the car.



"MULTUM IN PARVO": The four-door six-cylinder Wolseley "Hornet" saloon which, notwithstanding its size, can accommodate four six-foot persons in perfect comfort. The lavish equipment includes bumpers front and rear

BEWARE OF FLOODS.—Motorists are reminded that brakes may be temporarily ineffective after passing through floods. Metal to metal brakes generally are less affected than those with fabric linings. After passing through a flooded area the A.A. points out that brakes should always be tested immediately for efficiency, and in the event of their not working satisfactorily the car should be run for a short time with all brakes lightly applied. Any trouble from the exhaust pipe being submerged can be obviated by keeping up the engine speed and using a low gear.

"UNCONQUERED."—Messrs. Invicta Car Sales Company, of London, the former London distributors of Invicta cars, have been appointed sole sales representatives of Invicta Cars of Cobham. All inquiries as to the sale and distribution of Invicta cars should be addressed to them at 11, Albemarle Street, London, W.1.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

A party of young Sailors being trained in the Training Ship, *Arethusa*, figured in the Lord Mayor's Show. The Band played extremely well, and it was noticed how excellently the boys marched. This great work of training poor boys for the Royal Navy and Merchant Service is in urgent need of funds. 1,100 children are always being maintained in the Training Ship, *Arethusa*, and the Society's various Homes. Please send a gift to the General Secretary, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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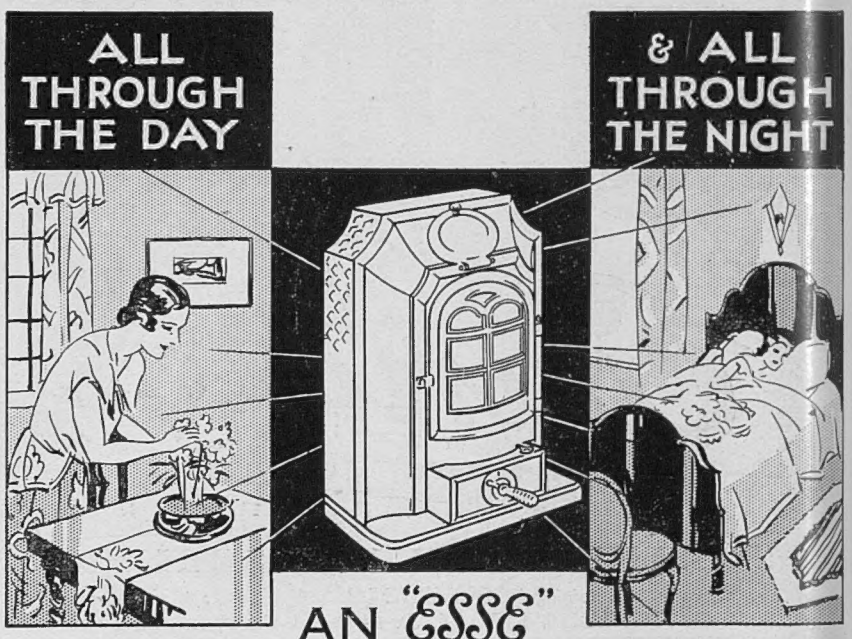

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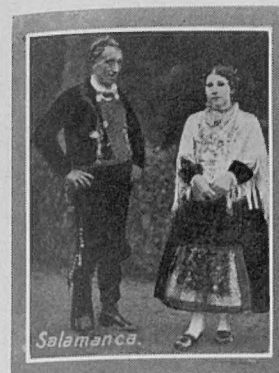

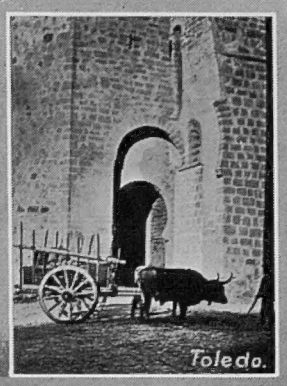

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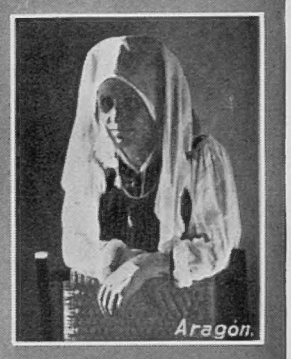

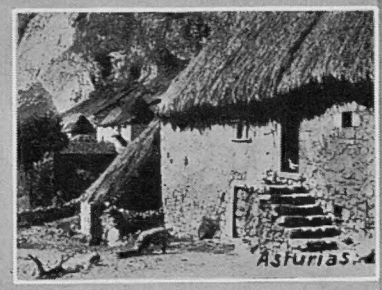

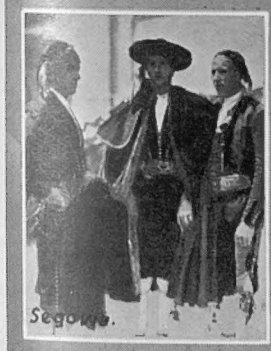

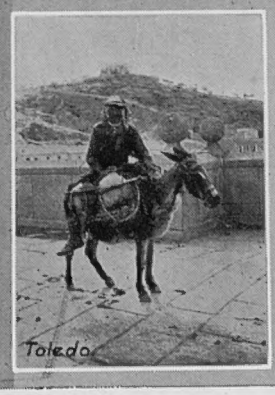

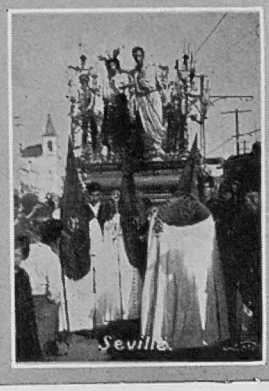

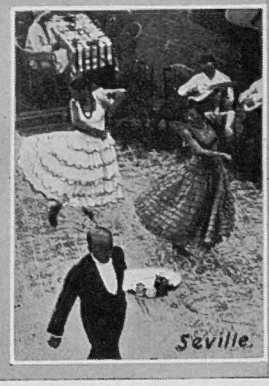

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